

# TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## Around Town.

There is promise of quite a rumpus over the contract made by the Dominion Government with the Mackenzie-Mann syndicate for the building of a railway from Telegraph Creek to Teslin Lake, in order that there may be a direct and all-Canadian rail and water route into the Klondike. After a patient reading of all the articles that have come under my notice, I quite fail to sympathize with the outcry that is being raised against the transaction. The situation is peculiar, and sensible men should not be carried away by sensational newspaper talk. The *Toronto World* says that it will cost \$3,000,000 to build the road; that the lands granted the syndicate are worth \$37,000,000; and as three subtracted from thirty-seven leaves thirty-four, therefore the syndicate makes thirty-four millions of dollars by the contract. As an arithmetical exercise the *World's* figuring is correct enough. But you can prove almost anything with figures. To illustrate this, let us consider another phase of it. To get at the value of a piece of land it is not unfair to enquire the price of adjoining properties. The United States bought Alaska for \$7,200,000. It contained 535,000 square miles—it was not sold to a company for development, but passed finally into the hands of another government, a transaction which puts land to its utmost value. For purposes of ready reckoning let us say that Alaska was bought for \$13.50 per square mile, or about 2 cents and 1 mill per acre. If the lands granted to the syndicate are valued at the same figure, the syndicate gets about \$78,000 reward for building a \$4,000,000 railway at about the speed with which a man will shovel the snow off his sidewalk. This is, of course, an absurd way of figuring, but it is no more absurd to base one's figures on the value per acre at which Alaska was bought by the United States, than it is to base one's figures on the value of a piece of ground on which a miner has discovered gold. The syndicate must take its land in six-mile blocks, and it must take unclaimed land; that is, land that remains now unexplored altogether, or land that has been scorned by the prospectors who have explored it. The lands granted the company are therefore estimated to value all the way from \$78,000 up to \$80,000,000. And one estimate is quite as good as the other.

In fact, the syndicate invests a sum variously estimated at from three to five millions of dollars in a huge gamble. It is one of the boldest undertakings in the history of the world. They are spending a fortune on a project that was undreamt of a year ago, and one that may be laughed at a year from to-day. Perhaps in all Canada William Mackenzie is the only millionaire who would have had the courage to play so high a game with so little time for deliberation. He was undeterred by the hundred misgivings that would have smitten the average Canadian financier with St. Vitus' dance. He must have realized how ephemeral is the mining boom. The old Cariboo trail is now deserted, although it leads to one of the richest districts in the world. Two or three years ago the people of the world were rushing to South Africa; to day that boom is dead, and nobody quite knows why. The fate of no boom could surely be so uncertain as that of the one which hangs over a country so far north, so cold, so foodless, so inaccessible, and so cheerfully lied about, as the Klondike. The thousands who rushed north before the passes closed, are silent. They give no sign. Perhaps with the opening of spring the crowds will come back to lynch the boomsters who hurried them into a country where every mining claim in sight was already seized upon, leaving them to explore river beds that miners had prospected in vain for a generation past. Yet the syndicate puts up its millions and takes its reward in "boom."

That road is to be completed by September 1, and the active work cannot be begun until April 1. This means that a road one hundred and fifty miles in length must be built in one hundred and fifty days, or at the rate of one mile per day. To realize this we must imagine a syndicate undertaking to build a railway across England in five months, or starting this week and building a railway from Toronto to Owen Sound and having it in operation by Dominion Day. It is, as I have said, one of the most daring feats of engineering ever attempted, and will capture the attention of the world and the trade of the Yukon for Canada.

Gold is known to exist in a small area up north and is supposed to exist in a large area. But the rich valley that caused this hubbub is all appropriated. What may be found in other parts of the glacial wilderness is the merest conjecture, and the failure that attended the hundreds of men who prospected a score of other streams is surely as instructive as the success that crowned the few who grew rich on the little Klondike stream. That whole country is far north—fifteen hundred miles north of old Ontario and five hundred north of the last plough on the hemisphere. It is in the arctic circle where the maps are marked "unexplored," where the adventurer has roamed for years to little purpose, and if the food he carried with him became exhausted he left his bones to bleach forever in zero weather. Gold is found up there and the boom results. Our enterprising neighbors, of the Republic, clutch at all the fruits of this boom. They claim it as theirs. Seizing the coast territory that is under dispute they set up customs houses and resort to every practice that will compel the trade of the miners to be done in Seattle and San

Francisco rather than in the nearer and the natural bases of supply, Vancouver and Victoria. The schemes they resort to are nothing short of preposterous. To cap all, they impose a tax of \$6 per day on those who cross into our mining country, at Skagway, over territory that arbitration will unquestionably determine to belong to Canada and not to them at all. This is only one intolerable phase of an impossible situation. It is said that the Cook people in London have already booked nearly a quarter of a million tourists whom they are to deliver on the Pacific coast. Men are coming from everywhere. Is this great boom, to be ours or our neighbors? Shall the Amerigo Vespuccians claim and be accorded the credit and benefit of all this? Or shall we make some bold ventures and begin the twentieth century with the ships of the world bringing the younger sons of every nation to our gates? There are times when a young country or

Canadian trade an unassailable advantage, and forces the immediate and thorough prospecting of all our far North-West, for when the syndicate begins looking for its lands it will breed a spirit of competition, and a region that might have lain dormant for a century will be traversed and developed rapidly, all the magic of the world's wealth being called into requisition in the task. This transaction is one that forces the hand of destiny, for at a stroke it extends the scope of the boom from the little valley of the Klondike over all the Yukon district and northern British Columbia. There is no time for parley; there is no time for interest to flag; there is no chance for Alaska to set up counter-maneuvres and force the development of the region west and north of Dawson—the world's energy must forthwith concentrate itself on the region east and south of Dawson, that is to say, our north-land.

The portraits on this page to-day are of the

amounts to \$200 per day. For the insurance companies, Mr. B. B. Osler, Q.C., will probably receive a fee of \$100 per day, and Mr. David Fasken not less than \$75, while the junior counsel, Mr. H. S. Osler and Mr. Lally McCarthy, will receive \$20 each per day. This amounts to \$215, or, counting both sides, \$505 per day for counsel fees alone. Three weeks of argument in this case would bring the counsel fees up to \$80,000, even without any bills for extra services. To get at the real costs, however, there must be a big allowance made for court costs and witness fees, etc., which pile up with a rapidity that appals any client who is not in the banking, insurance or railway business. The ordinary citizen cannot indulge in the luxury of a lawsuit such as this; and with every possible respect for every court on earth that has the power to discipline impertinent editors, I would like to ask if there is any grade or kind of justice that should cost more in a day than the average citizen is worth in a

way to many conjectures, all of which are no doubt idle enough, as the probability is that nominations are given to men because of their local strength. But why should there be ten editors of one political party and only one of the other party strong enough locally to secure nominations and prompt to accept them? If we try to seek in this some moving principle deeper than mere chance, we may possibly find it necessary to attribute the result to the influence of the Patrons. The Third Party has rebelled against the custom of giving professional men—meaning lawyers and doctors—nearly all the seats in the Legislature and the Commons; or rather, the Patrons have strongly resisted this tendency. The Liberals have shown a disposition to war kindly on the Patrons, and it is just possible that it was in deference to Patron principles that editors were in some cases preferred to lawyers and doctors by Liberal conventions. There is, at all events, a popular superstition that the Liberal party feels for the Patron party the solicitude of David for Absalom, and that when the fierce men of war are filing through the gate Joab and Abishai and Ittai receive the command: "Deal gently, for my sake, with the young man, even with Absalom." But Joab understands his business, and whoa! whoa! for the Patron party if its unshorn locks and flowing beard get tangled in the shrubbery of any constituency.

Ald. Gowanlock of Toronto has made certain charges against the City Street Commissioner, and when Ald. Saunders insisted that these charges should be made good, another alderman said to Ald. Gowanlock: "You do not have to make your charges good." "Certainly not," replied that worthy, and certainly he did not even try to do so. The allegations against the Street Commissioner are either true or false, and should accordingly be "made good" or publicly withdrawn. Ald. Gowanlock has hounded the heads of various departments of the city service, and is the type of man who drives capable men away. This being so very true, it may reasonably be deemed wise by the Board of Control to require Ald. Gowanlock to either make his charges good or publicly withdraw them. To defame a man and leave the matter there is not justifiable, and the charges having been made it seems clear that we have an official or an alderman whose resignation would be in the public interest. The Street Commissioner seems to possess the undiminished confidence of the public, in the meantime.

Mr. Thomas Crawford, M.P.P., in his speech before the nominating convention for West Toronto on Wednesday evening, attempted to justify the position he took in the Legislature on the department store question. It cannot be denied that the storekeepers of the West End and the men who have been trying to remedy in some way the acknowledged evils of the department store monopoly, were very much exasperated when Mr. Crawford, M.P.P. for West Toronto, arose in his place in the House and in the most off-hand manner disposed of the whole question. Members from outside constituencies possibly attached some value to the opinion expressed by the member for West Toronto, not on his own account, but because he was there as the representative of the very important constituency of West Toronto. There is a general opinion in his constituency that Mr. Crawford should have acquainted himself with the subject before he threw the weight of his constituency into the scale.

But at the convention he tried to square himself, and gave what purported to be a synopsis of his speech in the Legislature. It was a very different speech, although still unsatisfactory. A daily paper thus reported Mr. Crawford's speech in the Legislature, and the stalwarts of West Toronto should compare this with the speech made by him on Wednesday evening:

"Mr. Crawford opposed the idea of placing any restrictions upon department stores. He said the cry they were not popular was false, and proved so by the fact that so many people purchased from them. He was sure when the matter came up next session there would be many strong arguments against the bill."

That is the summary of his speech—he not only championed department stores, and opposed the putting of "any restrictions" on them, but he put himself on record as to his course next session. At the convention on Wednesday evening he was carried away at first by his admiration for department stores, declaring that there was only one "Timothy Eaton in Canada," and so the member for West Toronto stood up in the House just as if he had been the honorable member for Eaton, and defended him from a measure introduced by a man from Hamilton. He was, he said, opposed to the idea of legislative interference with any man's enterprise (cheers), and the department stores should be attended to through the City Councils. "Would that not require legislation?" enquired an intelligent old gentleman on the platform. "No," was the valuable answer of Mr. Crawford, M. P. P., although the very bill which he had opposed was one authorizing city councils to impose a tax, if they chose, on such stores. He also said, a few moments later, that he believed in a tax on the volume of business done, and when the city got up a plan of this kind, let it be brought before the Legislature and it would be passed. In the light of his "No," what can we think of this?

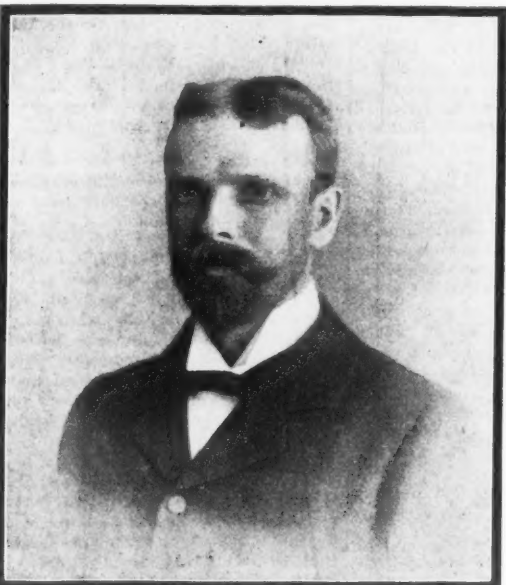
Is it possible that the member for West Toronto is so wholly indifferent to the views of his constituency and to the requests of the City Council as his speech implies? He comes out with what looks like a new idea about



MR. S. H. BLAKE, Q.C.



MR. B. B. OSLER, Q.C.



MR. WALLACE NESBITT.



MR. W. R. RIDDELL, Q.C.

## Four Leading Lawyers Engaged in the John Eaton Insurance Case.

a young man should rise to an emergency and boldly stake much on a venture. In attaining success there are critical junctures which foolishness does not perceive, but which wisdom recognizes at a glance. This is the way I look at this Klondike railway transaction. The building of that railway will energize our whole Pacific region; it will act on the people of this country like a national stimulant; it will capture the world's attention and will perfect that growing boom which is promising to give Canada ten years of such phenomenal prosperity as no young country has experienced since the first navigator "beached his boat on an unknown coast."

Will the members of the syndicate make money? Very well. Will they make fortunes? So be it. They must have a fighting chance for wealth or they will not pour out a fortune in the promotion of national prosperity. Fifty Yankee miners spent five hundred dollars each in equipping themselves in the United States last year for mining in the Yukon, and they won fifty thousand dollars each, which they carried back to their homes in the Republic. They multiplied their investment by one hundred. The syndicate is investing four million dollars, not in Seattle or San Francisco, but in our own country, and to win rewards they must prospect and mine as others do, yet to get the same ratio of profit as the fifty Yankee miners carried home, they must draw four hundred millions of dollars. No person claims that they will get more than a tithe of this. Those fifty Yankee miners carried home \$2,500,000 and conferred no benefit on our western country; this contract with the syndicate opens a railway, gives

four leading counsel in the suit brought by the Bank of Toronto to compel certain insurance companies to pay over the amount of the policies held on the stock of the late John Eaton Company, consumed by fire in May, 1897. The case is of peculiar interest, for not only is it revealing the singular methods by which the department store contrived to persuade the public that it was dispensing bargains, but the settlement of its affairs promises to drag through the courts almost interminably and tax legal ingenuity to the last resource. A bank is not afraid of an insurance company, an insurance company is not afraid of a bank, nor is one Q. C. afraid of another Q. C. Here, then, are the elements of protracted strife. If this suit ends to-day another may begin on Monday. It is one of the most promising muddles that ever delighted the eyes of a lawyer, but there is no other way out of it. It must be fought out in the courts, and the result largely depends on the skill of the eminent lawyers engaged. The smallest error in judgment may lose the case for one or other client. These four men are among the keenest-minded in the province; they are learned, trained and alert. Yet it must be added that the lawyer of ability is not unrewarded, and this John Eaton case must prove very expensive. On one side are arrayed three senior and two junior counsel, and on the other two senior and two junior counsel. For the Bank there is Mr. S. H. Blake, Q.C., whose fee will probably be \$100 per day; Mr. Wallace Nesbitt and Mr. W. R. Riddell, Q.C., whose fee will be certainly not less than \$75 each per day, while the junior counsel, Mr. R. McKay and Mr. C. W. Beatty, will probably be paid at \$20 each per day. This

year. If this is an improper question I trust that it will be ignored.

There is a strong movement of Ontario editors in the direction of Parliament, although some of them may not complete the journey. This must be numbered among the encouraging signs of the times, for it is, I think, the opinion of the press that editors make exceptionally good legislators. Already there are ten editors nominated for election to the Ontario Legislature on March 1, not including Rev. Dr. Dewar, ex-editor of the *Christian Guardian*, who, at present time of writing, is not yet the Liberal candidate for North Toronto. The newspaper men who are already in the field are: Andrew Pattullo of the *Woodstock Sentinel-Review*, (Lib.) North Oxford; J. A. Auld of the *Amherstburg Echo*, (Lib.) South Essex; M. Y. McLean of the *Seaford Express*, (Lib.) South Huron; J. R. Stratton of the *Peterboro Examiner*, (Lib.) West Peterboro'; J. Craig of the *Fergus News-Record*, (Lib.) East Wellington; S. Russell of the *Deseronto Tribune*, (Lib.) East Hastings; A. F. Pirie of the *Dundas Banner*, (Lib.) North Wentworth; H. J. Pettipiece of the *Forest Free Press*, (Lib.) East Lambton; George P. Graham of the *Brockville Recorder*, (Lib.) Brockville; Sanford Evans of the *Mail and Empire*, (Cons.) South Wentworth. This shows that of the eleven editors who are in the field ten are Liberal candidates, and but one a Conservative.

What has brought out these large-browed, studious men? Why should there be ten Liberal editors seeking seats in the Legislature and only one Conservative editor? This opens the



"taxing the volume of business done," and advises the City Council to take it up. On December 13 of last year, (the Legislature was then in session), the City Council of Toronto passed a resolution asking the Ontario Government to empower the city to adopt a plan for taxing the volume of business done. That resolution began:

That whereas the department stores are crushing out by an unfair competition the specialist merchants throughout the cities and towns, and subjecting the smaller merchants and property owners to great loss and distress, and concentrating the retail trade and commerce into the control of a very few persons, etc., etc., etc.

It was adopted with only one dissenting vote in a Council that consists of twenty-four aldermen and a Mayor. Mr. Crawford's constituency sends eight aldermen to the City Council, and these voted unanimously for the motion. That occurred while the Legislature was in session. Nearly a month later, and in the face of that resolution and that vote, Mr. Crawford made his speech opposing "any restrictions on department stores." On January 7 the Ontario Legislature gave a bill, based on that motion, a first reading, yet now we find Mr. Crawford, M.P.P., on the 2nd day of February totally unaware of the practically unanimous vote on December 13 of the Council of the city which he represents, and unaware also of the action on January 7 of the Legislature in which he sits. Where has he been all winter? Is it not a little too late for Mr. Crawford to try to square himself by giving a few half-promises to earnest people on a question that he misunderstands?

In our issue of January 15 I let the public into the secret that the Grand Trunk and Canadian Pacific Railways were unable to agree upon terms for a renewal of the arrangement whereby the trains of the latter company have had running powers over the lines of the other road from Toronto to North Bay. The agreement, I said, would expire on January 18, and a new agreement could not be arrived at. The reporters of the Toronto papers found the local railway men professing ignorance of the matter, and a week later it was stated in a despatch from Montreal that the old agreement had been renewed. On Saturday last, however, it was admitted by managers of both railways that no agreement could be reached and that after February 1 the C. P. R. trains from Toronto to Winnipeg and the West would run around by Smith's Falls, where the passengers would transfer to the real train for the West, the one from Montreal. The citizen of Toronto who goes to Winnipeg must now travel 220 miles further than formerly, yet we are told that he will make the journey in one hour less time. It is a new principle in geometry that is here asserted. The circumference, it seems, is less than the diameter. We can travel east for several hours at a high rate of speed, and really be going west all the time—bounding towards Winnipeg at a greater speed than usual, although also heading straight for Halifax.

The two big railways are apparently engaged in promising pursuits just now. If Torontonians are hauled away around by Smith's Falls, the necessity for a line to Sudbury may be duly impressed upon them. This consideration will enable the C.P.R. managers to act bravely in a quarrel with the rival company. The Grand Trunk managers are anxious to carry passengers for the Klondike and British Columbia via Chicago, or on through to California or the Puget Sound. Each road is afraid that the other will get some advantage if they co-operate for the benefit of Toronto, or Ontario. They will only co-operate for their own benefit, and we may depend upon it that the C.P.R. passenger service from Toronto to Winnipeg will be so reasonably good as not to impair its business, but just dissatisfactory enough to impress us with the necessity for a short swift line from Toronto to Sudbury. The Grand Trunk may be expected to now claim increased passenger business via Chicago. Each road looks for benefits from the "unfortunate failure to agree as to terms." If they quarreled, I see no traces of hot-headed anger on anybody's part. It was quite unnecessary to announce that the quarrel will not lead to the reducing of rates. It was not that kind of a quarrel.

Sir William Van Horne is unquestionably one of the best business men in the country and one of the shrewdest students of human nature. In speaking about the way the United States authorities and traders are uniting to monopolize the trade with the Yukon, he said that what should be done depends on how much said our Government has.

You know these people at Washington are pretty much like everybody else. If you show them you don't care so very much about them they will listen to reason, but if you let them see you are willing to take just what they have a mind to give, why, they will take it out of you. For my part I think the Klondike trade belongs to Canada, and Canada should take care not to be discriminated against in her own territory.

Do about it? Well, if these restrictions are not removed I would advise the Government to remove their customs officers from the Chilkoot, Chilkat and White Passes and put them at Glenora instead. Then police the boundary near the passes and turn back all comers with the notification that this country is doing business at Glenora. That would bring about an adjustment pretty quickly. As I say, it depends upon how much said the Government has, but they may make up their minds that they will have to do something or Canadians will be out of the race this year.

The particular suggestion offered by Sir William may not be the best course that could be pursued, but it suggests the spirit in which Governments may play winning games. There is no time for negotiations and diplomatic thimble-rigging. Canada owns the shop and should begin running it now. MACK.

#### British Columbia Comment.

THE "Huskie" dog is not a very husky-looking specimen of the canine race, if he is to be judged by the samples which have arrived in British Columbia lately, en route to the gold country. A collection of about fifty were corralled close to the C.P.R. station, Vancouver, a few days ago, and they were about as miserable a lot of brutes as could well be gathered together. They may have possessed virtues not patent to ordinary observation, but to the unskilled eye they looked suspiciously like homeless curs procured from the pound-yards of Winnipeg, Toronto, Montreal and other cities. Appearances are either mighty deceptive or some folks are going to reap a rich harvest. The

latest reports from the scene of operations up north state that "huskie" dogs are selling at from \$300 to \$500 apiece. If this be so, and the dogs mentioned above sell for only half that figure, then there will be more in the dog business by a long way than in shoveling the yellow metal, for it is a good bet to say that they cost their present proprietors not more than \$2.50 per head net.

One thing that leads me to place some truth in the pound-yard theory, is that while watching the embarkation of a Klondike steamer last week, I noticed the local gatherer of tagless "huskies" taking an apparently leading portion in the shipment of about two score of unfortunate bow-wows. Also, from several remarks made by chance onlookers I inferred that some of the dogs in question had, at a comparatively recent date, been seen roaming the streets of the Terminal City. It will be too bad if some simple-minded or impatient people pay any considerable sum for such animals, with the expectation of using them as freight-carriers over the mountain passes; for it is no exaggeration of the fact to say that the majority of them would find it difficult to haul more than their own weight on anything but a perfectly smooth and level surface.

The same policy of dissimulation and delay that has characterized the settlement of the Behring Sea Sealing award, crops up once more in the picaresque conduct of the United States Government regarding the customs regulations at Dyea and Skagway. As far back as January 6 the Minister of the Interior, in answer to the remonstrances of British Columbia, gave the assurance that the Washington authorities had promised a prompt abolishment of the outrageous charges complained of. Yet January 27 has come and gone and still the game goes on. A little more delay of thirty or forty days and the Yankees will have skimmed the fat off the whole business. They will then magnanimously accede to the requests of their dear Canadian friends, and laugh in their sleeves at the gullibility of the stupid Canuck.

It is highly irritating, there is no denying the fact, but the telegram sent by the Victoria Board of Trade, on January 21, was perhaps just a trifle too vigorous in composition to be altogether productive of good results. Or if the case would not allow of any moderation it would have been infinitely better to have withheld the wording of the despatch from the press. It is a very good thing to have the sense to know when you are being treated in a shabby, underhand manner, but not always advisable to advertise your exasperation broadcast. The extreme remedy asked for by the Board of Trade, viz., the closing of the Lynn Canal, would be an effectual method of bringing the affair to a crisis. It would be tit for tat with a vengeance; for it would entirely block all traffic, and be probably the very best proceeding that the Government could take. It is folly to oppose a shield of wood to a steel lance, also there is small sense and less policy in lying down to be walked over with the idea of gaining thereby the respect and goodwill of an adversary. There is only one way to deal with Uncle Sam. As Richelieu said, "Meet guile with guile, and force with force." In other words, give him a dose of his own medicine. And give it good and strong, so that there will be no possibility of his mistaking it for something else. There is little doubt but that he would under such conditions come to a quick realization of the injustice and hogghishness of the position he has assumed.

Never before had a Canadian executive such a "golden" opportunity of laying down the law. Let the Government show now that it has the welfare of the people at heart; that it is not a weak-kneed, spineless assembly such as we have experienced in former times; that it is Grit in nature as in name, and the members thereof will earn the continuous support of every loyal Canadian, of whatever creed or color, from Canoe Bay to Carmanah. J. Vancouver, B.C., Jan. 27, '98.

#### Society at the Capital.

On Saturday evening His Excellency the Governor-General and the Countess of Aberdeen will hold a drawing-room, a larger number of people attending than usual, it is said.

Mrs. Dobell will give a dance at the Racquet Court on Friday evening, at which it is said a large number of strangers will be present.

Miss Daintree of Cobourg, who is well able to uphold the reputation Cobourg has for pretty and brilliant women, is in town staying with her aunt, Mrs. Charles Harris.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Harris are the guests of the day, as it were, any number of dinner parties being given in their honor during the last few weeks. Mr. and Mrs. Allan Gilmore gave one on Friday evening of last week, and Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier on Saturday night.

Lady Laurier possesses a magnificent piano presented by the ladies of Montreal, which was heard to advantage when played by Mrs. Harris, who is a most accomplished musician.

The Countess of Aberdeen was at Home on Saturday afternoon to a large number of people, who notwithstanding the extreme cold went down to enjoy an afternoon of sports. The thermometer has kept well below zero for some days, and it is said we are going to have it colder still, in fact more severe than it has been for forty years. Notwithstanding nipped ears and frost-threatened noses, the toboggan-slides and skating-rinks were well filled, though when five o'clock came the refreshment room, where hot coffee and mulled claret were served, was by no means neglected.

Miss Mabel Richardson got back to town this week from London, Ont., where she was the guest of Mrs. Sears.

Mr. and Mrs. Newell Bate, Miss Bate, Miss S. Sparks and Miss Sweetland leave on Thursday for New York, from where they sail for Europe on Saturday morning. The party will be absent about three months. Everyone wishes these popular Ottawans *bon voyage* and a safe return.

Miss Coldham of Toronto is in town, the guest of Mrs. Molson, Cooper street.

On Tuesday evening Lord Ave, Mr. Erskine, Capt. Wilberforce, A.D.C., and Capt. Tharp, A.D.C., were the capital hosts at a very enjoyable skating party which came off in the Rideau Rink. A number of well known ladies

acted as chaperones. A few of the many present were: Major-General and Mrs. Gascoigne, Miss Martin Smith, Hon. R. R. Dobell, Mrs. Dobell, Miss Dobell, Mrs. Sifton, Mrs. Cambie, the Misses Cambie, Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Irwin, Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Egan, Mr. and Mrs. Avery, Mr. and Mrs. Elliot, Misses Ritchie, White, Scott, Blair, Thompson, Thistle, Hamilton, Bethune of Toronto, Bate, Davis, and Messrs. Gordon, Bucke, Tasker, Scott, O'Hara, Campbell, O'Brien, and very many others.

Cards are out for a dance to come off on February 11, the hostess at which is to be Mrs. W. J. Anderson, wife of the manager of the Bank of Montreal. It is to be a coming-out dance for Miss Gwen Anderson, Mrs. Anderson's popular young daughter.

Col. and Mrs. Burland of Montreal are in town for the opening, the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Ami, Claremont, Cooper street.

Miss Rose of Toronto arrived in town this week and will be the guest of Mrs. George Henderson for a couple of weeks.

Mrs. Willie Gwynne, who has been a gay Toronto visitor here with Mr. Justice and Mrs. Gwynne, returned home on Monday.

Miss Leblanc of Montreal is in town, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. McGee of Daly avenue.

The Misses Thompson of St. John, N.B., are the guests of Hon. Mr. Blair and Mrs. Blair for the opening of Parliament.

Miss Plummer of Toronto is in town at present, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Courtney of Wilbrod street.

Miss Lillian Galt of Montreal is in town for the opening. She is the guest of Hon. R. R. Dobell and Mrs. Dobell.

Lady Cartwright and the Misses Cartwright arrived in town this week and have taken apartments at the Gilmour Hotel for the winter.

Mrs. St. Denis Lemoine has sent out invitations for a euchre party to come off on Monday, February 7.

Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier gave a large and most successful dinner party on Saturday evening. The table looked lovely, being daintily arranged with yellow tulips and jonquills. The guests included: Sir A. P. and Lady Caron, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Gwynne, Mr. Justice Plomondon of Arthabaskaville, Hon. G. E. Foster and Mrs. Foster, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Harris of Cobourg, Mr. and Mrs. H. V. Bate, Mr. and Mrs. Dobell, Miss Carmichael, Sir Henri de Lotbiniere, Hon. S. Fisher and Mr. Erskine.

Miss Alice Bethune of Toronto is in town, the guest of Bishop and Mrs. Hamilton at The Rectory.

Sir Oliver Mowat, Lieutenant Governor of Ontario, who is to be here for the opening of Parliament, will be the guest of his sister, Mrs. Fraser of Elgin street.

Ottawa, Feb. 2, '98.

#### Social and Personal.

Sir Oliver and Miss Mowat held their housewarming reception on a tremendously bitter cold day, which prevented a good many persons from putting in an appearance who would otherwise have been on hand to welcome the Lieutenant-Governor to the mansion which has housed so many popular hosts and hostesses. Miss Mowat, who wore a white gown trimmed with fur, and very becoming, was a most charming hostess, her simply cordial and gentle manner winning people from the first. Commander Law, who though Governors may come and Governors may go, follows the example of the poet's brook, was, as always, unwavering in his kindness to one and all. As I said a fortnight ago, the drawing-rooms were very spic and span, and everything looked beautifully smart and pretty in the afternoon sunlight, which, by the way, was noticeably bright towards sunset on Tuesday, reminding one how the days are lengthening betimes. Not to speak of the personal popularity of the new Governor, who seems to have shaken off twenty years recently and positively beams upon great and small, there is happily a continuance of the pleasant atmosphere one grew accustomed to during the last administration, and by the way, no more prompt and well-wishing visitors crossed the threshold last Tuesday than the ex-Governor and his handsome wife, who, from the elegance and beauty of their new *menage*, came to bring cordial welcome and greeting to their successors.

The Lieutenant-Governor and Miss Mowat have chosen Thursday as their weekly reception day, having decided upon that day as likely to find most callers free to pay their respects at Government House.

The Royal Canadian Bicycle Club held a very jolly At Home on January 28 in Dingman's Hall, at which the Club traditions of hospitality were well kept up.

The Misses Davies of 141 Sherbourne street gave a charming afternoon tea last Tuesday, from five till half-past six o'clock.

Varsity conversat. last evening was, as usual, a much patronized function, and I shall have something to say of it next week.

On February 17 Trinity's debate and dance will be a popular and enjoyable affair.

The Trinity Lenten lectures are on again for Saturday afternoons, beginning on February 26, when Mr. J. Francis Waters, M.A., of Ottawa, will open the series, closing it also on March 26. Hawthorne and Dickens will be his several subjects. The three intervening lecturers are Surgeon-Major Keefer, Professor Albert Ham, M.D., and Dr. Parkin, and everyone anticipates a treat for each Saturday afternoon. The patronesses are: Miss Mowat, Lady Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Hardy, Lady Thompson, Mesdames Sweetman, Allan, Welch, Allen Baines, W. A. Baldwin, Harmon Brown, J. R. Cartwright, Cayley, Gosling, J. Henderson, E. Henderson, McLean Howard, W. Ince, W. Laidlaw, Edward Leigh, E. B. Osler, Rigby, C. Robinson, Stratford, Strachan, H. S. Strathy, H. Totten, Wadsworth, and Misses Plummer, Davidson and Scott.

Miss Zita Doward gave a very pretty pink tea to her little friends on Tuesday last. Among those present were: Miss Marion Cartwright, Miss Marguerite Carriek, Miss Phyllis Lawlor, Miss Vida Cartwright, Master Philip Pipon, Master Walter McMichael, Mrs. Cartwright of

Stanley Barracks assisted Mr. Doward in her own most gracious way to entertain the little guests.

Master Sherwood Hodgins, the handsomest of golden-haired middles, arrived in town last week, with his father, from England. Master Hodgins will join his ship, the Imperieuse, on the west coast shortly.

Quite a number of Toronto people are planning a trip to Ottawa, or have already gone down for the opening last Thursday.

The bitter weather of Saturday last rather diminished the attendance at the first meet of the Driving Club, but as smart as ever were those stylish turnouts whose drivers preferred to face the rigor of the elements. The cortege left the rendezvous in the Queen's Park about half-past three and drove north out Yonge street for five o'clock tea.

Mrs. James Thorburn (nee Meredith) and her little daughter, have been this week on a short visit to relatives out of town.

Mr. Rene Ivanowski is, I hear, to return home next week. He will be very much missed in that merry circle which he has enlivened by his bubbling fun and enchanted by his music.

Mr. Sloane, jr., who was ordered away some weeks ago, is returning to Toronto shortly.

Pathetic and sympathetic utterances were those evoked by the exceedingly sad death of sweet Mrs. Cassels this week. From every quarter rose mournful words, for she was loved wherever known, and her young husband and babies are mentioned with lowered voices, eloquent with tender condolence. Mrs. Cassels was a sister of Mr. Lownsbrough.

The rumored departure of Mr. and Mrs. William Mackenzie this week for England is a trifle premature. They may possibly sail next week, but have not yet decided. Visitors to Benvenuto on Fridays are full of admiration for that lovely home, and needless to remark its winning little mistress and her delightful young people are in their element in the midst of many rare and beautiful things, spoils of their travels and sojourn abroad.

At a recent wedding an *enfant terrible* cast her sharp eyes upon the decorative roses and remarked: "They are made of cotton!" And so they were.

Down east skating parties are all the vogue, but they are not yet a fad in Toronto. There are several small rinks where they might be held.

Miss Douglass, daughter of Captain Douglass, and the most exquisitely graceful lady skater in Canada, carried off the prize at a carnival on Tuesday evening as Queen of the Klondike. Miss Douglass on skates is a realization of the poetry of motion.

Mrs. Brock of 21 Queen's Park has sent out cards for an At Home on Saturday, February 12, from half-past four to seven o'clock.

A few of those at Mrs. Wyld's afternoon tea on Friday last were: Mrs. Edward Blake, Mrs. Arthurs, Mrs. Sydney Greene, Mrs. Allen Aylesworth, Mrs. Stanger, Mrs. Horetzki, Mrs. Mulock, Mrs. Hume Blake, Mrs. McLean Howard, Mrs. Mortimer Clark, Mrs. Harrison, Mrs. George Gooderham, Mrs. Sweny, Mrs. Lockhart, Mrs. Albert Austin.

Lady Burton and Miss Burton have sent out cards for afternoon tea on Thursday next, when Oak Lodge will be the rendezvous of society in general, and not of the fair sex only.

Osgoode Hall was besieged by a merry crowd on Thursday evening, each one on the *qui vive* for the coming fun of the Mock trial, and expectation was for once fully realized. Seldom, even in the courts of law, has justice been so well blindfolded by circumstantial evidence. The trial hinged on the supposed murder of a mother-in-law by one Percy, a sorry and mirth-provoking specimen of manhood, whose dashing wife is so tired of him that she essays to swear away his life. The dashing wife was personified by Mr. J. A. Macdonald, which is quite enough said. The evidence, the boots of the mother-in-law and her wig, found outside the furnace door, wherein Percy had presumably chucked the old lady during the cold spell, the outlandish witnesses from doubtful localities; the interrupted sentence of death, when the presumably calmed lady arrives from a trip to the Klondike, where she has been "for a little change," and the absurd climax when poor Percy demands that his sentence be carried out rather than accept life under her continued rule—all combined to form a most mirth-provoking and clever trial. To Mr. Macdonald is given the credit and praise for the arranging of this trial, and with exception of the counsel's speech, so admirably rendered by that handsome young barrister, Mr. Tom White, who, of course, was its author as well as speaker, Mr. Macdonald's facile wit composed the trial, speeches and evidence, a work of no small importance, as anyone can imagine. After the trial hall was cleared for a dance, into which the young folks entered enthusiastically.

Mrs. Alfred Gooderham gives a tea on Monday afternoon. Maplecroft teas are always pleasant, and the thoughtful hostess having chosen a day upon which society from the west is usually en *vidence* on a tour of visits on the east side, the rush from afar which sometimes curtails one's calls and makes one late for the formal event as well, will be avoided.

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## Social and Personal.

Mrs. Edward Gurney gave a very delightful and stylish reception on Friday afternoon, and the large rooms of her home in Gerrard street were crowded with ladies, for at Friday's teas the men were not in it at all. Roses were plentifully employed for decorations, and wreathed with smilax were twined about the overmantels and adorned the buffet with generous profusion. Not to be outdone by the queen of flowers, was the rose-bud garden of girls who carried on their usual coaxing way of spoiling one's dinner. Beautiful Miss Gurney bravely faced the ordeal of receiving with her dainty little mother, though not yet quite strong from last year's long siege of illness. And the brisquet of the house-party was the dear great-grandmother, Mrs. Cromwell, whom Baby Ryckman has elevated to the honor of a fourth generation. King Baby should have been there, but only his latest photo was offered for the admiration of intimate friends. It is not often one is received by a great-grandmother, but we have 'em in Toronto, and they are usually the brightest of the party. After the reception the young folks were reinforced by some of their favorite cavaliers and had a very jolly evening.

On the evening of Wednesday, January 19, in the cosy parlors of Mrs. L. Walker, 131 Dovercourt road, Miss Maude Walker and Mr. Frank Creller were married. The bride, who is the fourth daughter of the late Louis Walker, was charmingly attired in white broadcloth silk with pearl trimming, and her sister, Miss Dolly Walker, who acted as bridesmaid, wore mauve crepon. Mr. John Firth was groomsmen, and Rev. Jesse Gibson of Dovercourt road Baptist church performed the ceremony. The newly married couple, who are widely known in west end circles, were the recipients of numerous and handsome presents, tokens of the esteem with which they are regarded. Mr. Creller has been for eleven years connected with Matthew Bros. of Yonge street, and besides receiving a substantial remembrance from the head of the firm, the employees presented him with a handsome mahogany settee. Mr. and Mrs. Creller will set up housekeeping in their cosy home at south Dovercourt road.

Mrs. Becher gave a very pleasant luncheon to a number of ladies on Saturday at Sylvan Tower. Covers were laid for twelve, and among the guests were: Mrs. McLean Howard, Mrs. Sandys, Mrs. Darling, Miss McLean Howard, Mrs. Ruttan, Mrs. Hamilton, and Mrs. and Miss Kirkpatrick.

Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Smith left this week for the West Coast, where they will visit various beauty spots of California, reaching San Francisco in a few weeks.

Mrs. R. F. Pieper, (nee Hay of Woodstock), writes from San Francisco of her enjoyment of her new home. Mr. and Mrs. Pieper and Master Fritz have resided in the far West for nearly two years.

Major Evans of Winnipeg, who, it is reported, is to succeed Major Lessard next summer, was in town this week.

Major and Mrs. Denison left this week for Ottawa, as Major Denison takes the place of Captain Wilberforce on His Excellency's staff. Without undue flattery to the Toronto aide, I fancy the Ottawa people will find the exchange a decided gain.

During the past fortnight I have been told of half a dozen cases in which invitations have gone astray in the postoffice. In fact, a hostess plaintively remarked that she dared not think of what enemies she might have made if the fate of the rest of her cards had been that of two already reported, and fortunately telephoned about in time to assure the uninvited guests that their cards had been duly posted. At the same time, I might observe that there is a postage of two cents on drop-letters, which some persons cannot remember, and that I received an invitation last month addressed to my name, and one word written thereunder, the name of my street, neither the word "street" nor the number being added. The letter went to a town of the name of my street, and was afterwards sent from Ottawa, I presume, back to Toronto. At all events, it reached me the day of the ceremony, having been a fortnight en route, on its way from a house ten minutes' drive from my home.

Mrs. S. G. Beatty left for Ottawa this week, and is the guest of Mrs. Ferrier (nee Holt).

The marriage of Mr. Wallace Ne-bitt and Miss Amy Beatty, elder daughter of Mr. W. H. Beatty of The Oaks, is fixed for next Thursday evening. The ceremony will be performed in the house, witnessed by a small and intimate circle, and a reception will follow, to which the friends of the bride and groom-elect are bidden.

Mrs. Thomas (nee Caron) of Chatham spent Sunday with Mrs. Kirkland, on her way to the West Coast for change of air. Mrs. Thomas not having been quite strong recently, Mrs. Kirkland had a number of ex-Charlottes for Sunday supper, to renew friendship with her charming guest.

Saturday afternoon shone upon one of the largest teas ever given in Toronto, and Mrs. Ince was not at all in the plight of the little girl in the song who wept because "nobody came to her tea." From five o'clock until nearly seven the house was packed. "Standing room only" would have been a gratefully received favor to some who were obliged to wait five minutes at the door for room to enter, and the descent of the stairs occupied fifteen minutes, for the crowd in the hall, spacious as it is, and the many essaying to enter the tea-room, where those who were in could not get out, were just the ideal multitude of a fashionable London crush. And many a good-natured jest did they exchange as they stuck fast in doorways, swooped through a slender rift in the millinery, and accomplished the circuit of the rooms by many a cunning tack and swerve. Mr. and Mrs. Ince, happy to greet some few hundreds of their friends, received in the drawing-room, and the family party, Mr. and Mrs. James Ince, Mr. and Mrs. Willie Ince, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Patterson, and Mr. and

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## TOUR IN EUROPE

MISS H. M. HILL, 191 Bloor Street West, is organizing a ninth tour, to include Italy, Austria, Germany, Switzerland, France and Great Britain, sailing June 4, returning in September. Mrs. Robert Smith of Stratford will assist Miss Hill.

Mrs. Archie Langmuir, with the bachelor son of the house, Mr. George, were in their element looking after the immense crowd. Music floated down the stairs from an upper landing, where



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a second refreshment-room relieved the demand downstairs. Beautiful roses were there in great profusion, and all sorts of dainty fare, while a number of pretty girls, assisted by the Webb men, waited upon such guests as came by the score within the reach of their ministrations. Every one came in with spirits high and cheeks aglow from the nipping frosty air, and the thoroughly jolly hour they enjoyed made them loth to leave. Mrs. Ince has been for some time prevented by illness and bereavement from entertaining, but is now giving her friends very pleasant proof of her willingness and power to make up for lost time.

The committee of the Art Loan Exhibition should be very well satisfied with the attendance of society on the private view night, for, in spite of several counter attractions and a ripping cold night, the exhibition drew a very smart and representative crowd to the spacious quarters of the Y. M. C. A. in Yonge street. Miss Mowat, attended by Captain Law and Mr. Herbert Mowat, A.D.C., took great interest in the paintings and various beautiful things upstairs. Miss Mowat wore a rich prune velvet gown with fine bertha of deep lace, and a white feather ruff about the shoulders, for there were occasional draughts in the picture gallery; Mr. and Mrs. Langton were of her party. Some of those present on Saturday evening were: Mr. and Mrs. James Plummer, Mrs. and Miss Heaven of Atherly, Mr. and Mrs. Somerville of Athelstone, Mrs. Stratford and her sister, Mrs. Stevenson, of Montreal, Mr. L. R. O'Brien, Dr. and Mrs. Price-Brown, Hon. G. W. Allan, Miss Beardmore, Miss Constance Beardmore, Mrs. Walter S. and Miss Lee, the Misses Michie, Mr. and Mrs. Le Grand Reed, Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Wyld, Mrs. Campbell Macdonald, Mrs. Sweny, Mr. and Mrs. Byron Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Skinner of Deer Park, Mrs. Steele.

On Wednesday next will open the fifth annual convention of the Society of Superintendents of Training Schools for Nurses, which is this year fortunately being held in Toronto. I say fortunately, because a person not aware of the very able and advanced bodies of trained nurses already sent out by hundreds from these schools, might be under the impression that the recently exploited scheme of which we have heard so much in this connection might have been devised to fill a want created by the lack of trained nurses in Canada, whereas, as a matter of fact, the supply of such ministering angels quite meets the demand; in fact, the angels are often standing with folded wings for lack of employment. The session of the congress of superintendents begins at ten o'clock on Wednesday morning, in the lecture hall of the Education Department, Normal School. Six papers, bursting with interesting matter, are to be read, and everyone should resolve to take great interest in the convention and welcome the four-score lady superintendents from the United States with sufficient *ecclat*. In their work international questions have no place. A reception will be held on Wednesday evening, from eight to eleven.

Mrs. Frederick Wyld gave a large tea to her lady friends on Friday afternoon, when, spite of snow and by no means gentle zephyrs, everyone seemed to be on hand at five o'clock. From drawing-room to dining-room, where a table crowned with exquisite crimson roses was well served, the rustling silks and wonderful hats and bonnets of the smart company continually journeyed, to taste a fragrant cup of tea or coffee, or to catch the sweet tones of Miss McLean's pure young voice as from time to time she sang songs, old and new. In that Scottish household one would naturally expect the heart-strings of auld Scotia, and a hush was soon noticeable when Miss McLean gave us Bonnie Annie Laurie as a *bonne bouche* at parting. The young singer is a pupil of Mr. Jeffers, and her charming voice attracted the attention of Mrs. Campbell Macdonald, who took the occasion of her mother's reception to introduce Miss McLean to music lovers in Toronto. The guests numbered so many of such persons that Mrs. Macdonald received many thanks for her kind thought.

Mr. Thomas Long, who is in Florida for his health, has derived much benefit from his visit south. Mr. and Mrs. Ryan and their family party are also enjoying bathing, orange and flower groves, and all the delights of tropical parts.

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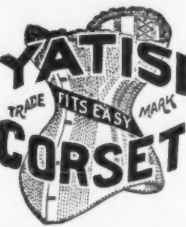
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## SOUR GRAPES

BY ADELINE SERGEANT

Author of "The Story of a Penitent Soul," "An East London Mystery," "Jacobi's Wife," "A Rogue's Daughter," &c., &c.  
Copyrighted, 1888, by the Author.

"You'll come in?" she said, her hand on the latch-key in the lock, her eyes turned towards his face, with a momentary look of wistfulness which told its own story—if not to him, at any rate to another person who was looking on.

"It's rather late," Wyndham Scudamore replied, taking out his watch and looking at it by the light of the gas-lamp at Effie's door. It's half-past eleven, you know."

The looker-on, Miss Marian Kemp, came to the rescue. She noticed that Effie's face had grown a trifle wan. Miss Kemp was fond of Effie and she knew Wyndham very well. She was not going to see Effie disappointed without reason.

"I'm coming in to look at that engraving you spoke of," she said abruptly. "You can see me home afterwards, if you like. We mustn't keep you up, Effie. I know how hard you work," she added, with a touch of softness in her tone.

Wyndham laughed aloud in the little dark passage, waking the echoes of the house in a way which vaguely alarmed Effie Duncombe, who was half-nervous at having invited her friends into the house. She had not been long in London, and its ways were at once a terror and a delight to her. A terror, because the habits of the journalistic, half-Bohemian set into which she had fallen seemed to outrage all the little conventionalities of the narrow life which she had formerly known; delight, because her whole soul had revolted against these conventionalities, and she had come to London on purpose to escape from them. But she was as yet unversed in the new code; there were unwritten laws of which she did not dream, and it was a joke among her more intimate friends that Effie usually drew the line in the wrong place. She was sweet, and innocent, and unworldly, and in her desire to do as others around her did, she sometimes overstepped even the liberty that they allowed themselves.

Miss Kemp was secretly surprised that she had asked her friends into the lodging-house where she occupied two rooms at this late hour of the night—there was nothing wrong in her doing so, of course, but it was such a difference from Effie Duncombe's ways in Sloperton!—It was Miss Kemp who had persuaded her away from Sloperton, and she knew what it was like. Perhaps that was why she was always a little amused at the progress that Effie was making in her experience of the world.

"Come in," said Effie, hospitably; and turning into the sitting-room on the left side of the door, she turned up the gas, and revealed the apartment in all its glory. After all, for the room of a lady journalist who has not a private income of any appreciable extent, it was comfortable enough, and even pretty with its bits of quaint china, its great bunch of ferns and grasses in a pickle jar, its cheap Indian durries and Liberty silk handkerchiefs. "Jolly little place," said Wyndham, his deep voice resounding until Miss Kemp wished she could shake him and tell him to hold his tongue.

"I suppose I had better shut your door, Effie," she said with a laugh. "The other lodgers won't bless you if they think you have visitors so late."

Effie blushed as she set out some small refreshments on the table. "I told Mrs. Gilbert that I was going to the theater to-night and should not be back till late," she said, "so she knows what to expect. We are home much earlier than I anticipated."

"Thanks to the inanity of that awful farce, which I cannot imagine any intelligent person sitting out," said Wyndham, depositing his long limbs carefully in an easy chair. He let himself down carefully because he had had experience of London lodgings, and knew that the most imposing article of furniture has a way of being uncertain on its legs; but on this occasion his caution was unnecessary; the arm-chair was firmly planted on its castors, and did not let him down. He was a tall, dark, supercilious-looking man—at least, so his enemies declared—his friends made excuses for the critical expression which they could not altogether deny, and maintained that he was exceedingly good at heart. He was a critic on a London paper, and the habit of finding fault had perhaps grown upon him.

Miss Kemp was a journalist of the most modern type: she wore her hair short and used a pince-nez; she had a clever, capable face, and she was between fifty and sixty years of age. She looked as if she could go anywhere and do anything, and everywhere be quite able to take care of herself and her own interests. She was well-dressed, neat and self-possessed. Effie was her antithesis in most respects. She was a slight little thing with loose fair hair, which had a way of straying over her forehead at the wrong time; soft blue eyes, and a wistful, unsatisfied look, which, as Miss Kemp had already told her, was very unsuitable to her profession. For Effie had made up her mind to follow the example of her dear friend, Marian Kemp, and become a journalist.

So far, by remarkable good luck, she had been successful; but Marian sometimes wondered whether the child, as she called her, had "stuff" enough in her for the work, and whether it would not have been better to leave her in that wearisome but soothing solitude against which she had revolted. For it had not been at all what Miss Kemp contemplated, that Effie should at once fall in love—especially with a man who was so popular and so exclusive as Wyndham Scudamore. Yet this was what Effie had done, and she had not been able to hide the fact from her friend, Miss Marian Kemp.

So it was with a flush of excitement on her cheek that Effie set out her cake and biscuit,

and, a little timidly, the flask of whiskey which she had been told that all journalists of the male persuasion, at any rate believed in as the sign of good fellowship; and asked her friends to partake. Miss Kemp nodded and nibbled biscuits while Wyndham absently mixed himself a weak glass of spirit and water, and expressed his views upon the drama. Effie ate and drank nothing at all. She was much absorbed in watching her hero, and in listening to the words of wisdom which fell from his lips. She had never in all her life come across anybody who appeared to her so witty, so wise, so superior to common flesh and blood. And it did not as yet trouble her that Mr. Scudamore looked down upon her from a sublime height to which she could never hope to attain, and spoke of her sometimes as "that little provincial friend of Miss Marian Kemp's, who is trying her hand at journalism, don't you know?"

Wyndham was a good talker and the two women were good listeners, so that it was not very surprising if the time went on with extraordinary rapidity. It must have been long after twelve o'clock when the guests took their leave; and Effie would willingly have had them linger for another hour or so. She looked sorrowfully after them as they went down the street, and sighed as the tones of their voices were carried to her ear. She envied her friend the power of making herself agreeable to men and women alike; she thought sorrowfully of her own deficiencies in this respect. For, as she acknowledged to herself, she was too brusque, too open-hearted, too simple, perhaps, to be altogether attractive. It was difficult for any man to understand a woman who had no idea of what coquetry meant.

She went to bed, but slept little. The fever of youth and love was in her veins. When she fell asleep in the gray dawn, she dreamt of Wyndham and thought that he mocked her; but before she awoke, a pleasant vision took the place of the one which had at first distressed her, and she fancied herself happy in his love and with his kisses on her lips. She awoke with the pleasantly tingling sense of having received her lover's vows.

But downstairs storm and trouble awaited her. Her landlady was, of course, a lady who had seen better days. She was severely respectable; tall, thin, almost elegant, with a temper of the utmost acerbity and an unrivaled faculty for lengthening out her accounts. It was this alarming person whom Effie found awaiting her, when she came down to breakfast, fresh from dreams of Wyndham Scudamore and his love. She was always afraid of Mrs. Gilbert, because that good lady, being a Sloperton woman, was in the habit of sending reports to Effie's old home concerning her doings. It had seemed so nice to Effie's friends—and at first, perhaps, to Effie—that she should lodge with a person who came from "dear old Sloperton." Of late she had begun to think that old associations have their drawbacks.

"I wish to speak to you for a moment, if you please, Miss Duncombe," said the landlady solemnly. Then, as Effie looked at her in silent expectation, she proceeded. "You'll excuse me if I ask you a question, Miss. There was a gentleman here last night, wasn't there?"

"Certainly there was," said Effie, trying to speak haughtily, but with the color creeping into her cheeks.

"The gentleman you're engaged to, I suppose, Miss?"

"N—o, Mrs. Gilbert, though I don't see what business that is of yours," cried Effie, who was too young and inexperienced to wither the landlady by a look.

"I'm sorry to hear it, Miss Duncombe," returned Mrs. Gilbert austerely, "for I thought I could then explain matters satisfactorily to my ladies on the drawing-room floor. They sent for me this morning to remonstrate about the noise that went on last night, Miss Duncombe, and I must say I heard it myself, and did not think it at all proper. A gentleman here till twelve o'clock and after! Never since I was obliged to take in a few ladies by way of eking out the small income left me by my dear husband, have I had any respectable goings-on in my rooms, and I will not begin them now."

"But Mrs. Gilbert, I really don't know what you mean," said Effie indignantly. "Miss Kemp was here all the time. You know Miss Kemp! You have seen her here a dozen times. And it was not very late—for London—you know!"

"All I can say, Miss Duncombe, is that those is not the ways that I have been accustomed to; and I don't think them respectable. If you were engaged to this gentleman—which I've seen you with him before, though not inside of my house—why, then I could tell the drawing-room floor that it was all right."

"But of course it is all right! I don't know what you mean, Mrs. Gilbert."

"But if not," said the landlady with great sangfroid, "I shall have to ask you, Miss, for the sake of my rooms, not to have gentlemen visitors here up to midnight—leastways and in especial, if you are not engaged to be married, as in my opinion you ought to be."

Effie's face flushed. "I think," she said with dignity, "that I had better get lodgings elsewhere, Mrs. Gilbert. I intend to have perfect liberty wherever I am."

"Very well, Miss. I must keep my lodgings respectable," said Mrs. Gilbert, with a vicious emphasis on the last word.

Effie bore up as long as there was anyone to be impressed by the dignity of her demeanor; but in half an hour she was crying on Marian's neck, and declaring that she had never been so insulted in her life. And the sting of it all lay, as Marian was quick to discern, in the fact that Mrs. Gilbert had seemed to think that

Wyndham ought to be engaged to her, and that he wasn't.

### II.

"Well, really, I'm very sorry," said Mr. Scudamore. "But it strikes me, my dear Miss Kemp, that you are a trifle unreasonable."

He was sitting at a big desk, heaped with papers, and looked uneasy, not to say out of temper. Miss Kemp, sitting bolt upright on a wooden chair in front of him, was flushed and unusually untidy. She generally looked as if she had come out of a band-box, but on this occasion she presented an appearance which could only be described as crumpled. She held a handkerchief in her hand, and looked as if she were going to burst into tears. Wyndham was very much afraid that she would.

"Unreasonable!" said Miss Kemp, "when I have violated a confidence and torn the veil from the heart of a young girl so that you might know the treasure that you were casting to the winds?"

"That would be all very well if you did not forthwith want me to marry the young girl," said Wyndham. Perhaps he was less cynical than he seemed, for his face flushed as he spoke. "You know I'm not responsible for this very unfortunate ending to a pleasant acquaintance. I never tried to gain the—the affections of—the—the lady. Really, the position is too absurd! With the best intentions, my dear Marian"—he called her "Marian" sometimes, when he wanted to be on very confidential terms—"you must have made a mistake. I cannot believe that I am anything more than another man to the lady of whom you speak, and I shall be much obliged to you if you will disabuse your mind of the idea."

"And the poor child is to break her heart, and go through life with a slur on her reputation because you cannot believe what I say to you?"

Wyndham's brow grew dark. "There is no slur possible," he said. "I went with myself, and I have never been there before or since. True, I walked home with her one night from your flat; but we live in civilized days, and men and women are not after all natural enemies."

"I am not so sure about that," said Miss Kemp grimly.

"The best way would be to threaten this gossiping, evil-speaking landlady with an action for libel, I should think," said Wyndham serenely. "And console your little friend as nicely as you can, Marian. I think she is a pretty little thing, but if she is going to fall in love with any man who speaks a civil word to her, the best thing would be to send her back with all convenient speed to the place from which she came, wherever that may be."

"You are offensive, Mr. Scudamore." "I have no intention of being offensive. I withdraw what I said if it offends you. Seriously I do not believe that Miss Duncombe is foolish enough to have ever looked at me; but if she has—"

"Well, if she has? Do you mean that in that case even you could not care for her? I never thought you were so unimpressible."

He passed over the sneer as if he had not heard it. "I am afraid," he said, smiling, "that even Miss Duncombe's charms have failed to win my hard heart."

"Oh, you are a brute!" exclaimed Miss Kemp, tempestuously; and gathering up her bag and her papers and her umbrella, she swept out of the office in a white heat of rage, leaving Wyndham to lift his eyebrows in pity and surprise. "I really thought that she had more sense," he said to himself. "But women are all alike when it is a matter of sentiment. As to the little girl—well, whether the thing was true or not, Marian had no business to give the poor child's secret away, and I only hope she won't complicate things further by repeating what I have said. For a really clever woman, she is the most complete fool I ever met." With which severe comment he applied himself to his work, and was annoyed to find that he was too much disturbed by what he had heard to apply himself seriously either to literature or law.

Meanwhile, Miss Kemp made her way back to Chelsea, where she had left her friend in the depths of woe. She was a good deal overwhelmed by the turn that things had taken. In fact, Miss Kemp had been simple enough to think that Mr. Wyndham Scudamore would be so much flattered and pleased by the intimation that Effie had lost her heart to him that he would reciprocate her affection without loss of time. In which Miss Kemp showed herself more ignorant of men than she had any idea of being.

Effie had remained at her friend's house, as she did not feel equal to confronting the grim Mrs. Gilbert any more, and Miss Kemp began to revolve plans for keeping her there. Miss Kemp was, on the whole, a very prosperous woman, and she was rich enough to rent a house which, although not very large, was big enough to afford accommodation to several of Marian's friends. In fact, the house was well known in a certain set by the name of the "refuge for the destitute." Miss Kemp's hospitality was not likely to fail her on this occasion.

"My dear child," she said, with much commiseration in her tone, "and how are you getting on?"

Effie's face was almost cheerful as she looked up from the arm-chair into which Marian had settled her before leaving home. "My headache is better," she said, "and I was thinking that perhaps I ought to set to work. Did not Mr. Scudamore say he wanted a paper on some country subject for that little new weekly that he is starting? I was thinking that I might as well try my hand at something of that sort and see whether he would not take it."

Blank silence on Miss Kemp's part. She had not realized that the world must still go on. She had not begun to think of the sensations with which Wyndham would meet the girl of whose love for him he had been told. He was a gentleman; he would not betray that he knew anything, but no doubt he would feel a little uncomfortable. Strange to say, Miss Kemp's reflections were distinctly unfavorable to Wyndham at this point. She was inclined to say: "Why could he not have had the good sense to fall in love with her? then all would have been plain sailing." But as she could not put this thought into words, she remained silent, lost in meditation, until Effie,

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looking up in surprise at the unwonted silence, distinguished something unusual in her friend's expression of countenance, and at once resolved to know what it portended.

"Why do you look so odd?" she said, laying down her book and surveying Marian with attention. "Now you are coloring! You look—yes, you look guilty; where have you been?" "Nowhere—at least, on business in the city," faltered Miss Kemp, with the guiltiest look in the world.

Effie sprang up with a startled cry. "I know what you have been doing! You have seen Mr. Scudamore? You have said something?" And as Miss Kemp achieved only a very feeble negative and not one in which Effie felt that she could put the slightest confidence, she went on questioning more and more excitedly. "You told him, perhaps, what Mrs. Gilbert had said? You told him? Oh, Marian, could you? But you didn't go a step further, did you? You spared me any other betrayal? Speak, Marian, I will know."

"Child, what a storm about nothing!" cried Miss Kemp, in obvious difficulty. "Of course, I—I did not say anything that was wrong—I—"

"Marian, you did not let him think that I—care?" said Effie, rising up with a face full of horror, and towering over her elder in a way which would have seemed impossible to her a few days earlier. "You did not tell him that I—that I—oh, you did—you did—I can see it in your face! Oh, I shall die of shame!"

And burying her face in her hands, Effie burst into bitter weeping, while Miss Kemp, recovering her breath, poured forth a string of denials, remonstrances, declarations with a rapidity and at the same time a lack of truthfulness, which would have taken away Wyndham Scudamore's breath if he had heard her. But Effie, taking little heed of Marian's flow of speech, at last reduced her to silence by rising and crying out. "It is intolerable! I do not see how you can expect me to be friendly with you again. I shall leave your house as soon as I can get a lodging, and if I am not mistaken I can get one to-night."

And nothing would induce her to modify her decision although Marian begged her with tears to remain; and assured her, somewhat inaccurately, that she had said nothing which Effie need really dislike. Effie only set her little mouth tight, and proceeded to pack up her things. She left the house without telling Miss Kemp where she thought of going—probably she did not quite know herself—and Miss Kemp saw nothing more of her for many a long day.

### III.

Wyndham was at first considerably annoyed by the information which Miss Kemp had given him, but as reflection succeeded to impulse, he began to be pleased rather than annoyed. After all, it is a flattering thing to be told that a young and pretty girl regards you with an eye of favor. Of course, he ought not to have known it; Miss Kemp had no business at all to tell him, but women do sometimes betray each other in this way, and the man was not altogether devoid of vanity. He began to think of Effie with complacency. She had not in any way attracted him when he met her first; he had considered her a very fair specimen of the average English girl—rather ignorant, rather pretty, but not in any way remarkable. But it is only human nature to regard a girl who loves you with different eyes.

When Wyndham had persuaded himself, after a period of reflection, that Effie did really care for him, he became far more interested in her than he had ever been before. In the silent hours of the night he recalled her face, her figure, her various virtues and capacities to his mind, and Effie would indeed have been astonished if she had known how beautiful and how intellectual she appeared in Wyndham's recollection of her. He wished intensely to

see her again, but a certain shyness came upon him, and made him unwilling to force himself upon her memory. "Probably she hates me," he reflected. "Not that Marian would tell her that I practically refused her. Marian is not a fool; but she will think that it was I who got her into this strait, and she will not like me any longer. What girl of sense would, I wonder?" And then he thought over all his defects in a way which would have

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raised the hair on the head of any of his friends who knew him and believed in him.

He asked Miss Kemp for Effie's address, but it was denied him. Miss Kemp reluctantly confessed that Effie had asked her not to give it. And more and more depressed by the belief that the girl had learned to dislike him, Wyndham went on his way with so preternaturally gentle and drooping an air, as to lead several persons to the impression that some terrible financial reverse had occurred to him, and that he was brooding over the possibilities of the Bankruptcy Court.

He was still thinking about Effie when he came upon her quite suddenly face to face. It was not in a very unlikely place either, considering that he—and she—occasionally traveled by the Underground Railway. But usually he went first-class, and Effie third. He got into a third-class carriage by mistake, tried to get out and failed, then lifted up his eyes and found himself sitting opposite Miss Effie Duncombe, who would certainly have quitted the compartment at once if she had been able to do so without committing suicide. There was no one else in the carriage. Effie blushed crimson and turned her head away.

"Miss Duncombe, is it really you? Surely you have not forgotten me?"

"Mr. Scudamore, I think," said Effie, a little dubiously, as if she were not quite certain. And yet Effie was naturally a truthful girl.

"I have been trying everywhere to find you," said Wyndham.

Effie drew herself up. "To find me, Mr. Wyndham?"

"To find you," said the young man, quite unabashed. "I asked Miss Kemp for your address, but for some unknown reason she refused to give it to me. I began to be afraid you did not want me to know where you were."

"That was quite true: I did not wish you to know, Mr. Wyndham."

This was a crushing rejoinder, but Wyndham did not yet see when to hold his tongue. He went on eagerly. "But I must see you, I must have an opportunity of saying to you that I—that I love you, Effie: love you with all my heart and soul—"

"You need not go on," said Effie, whose face was scarlet with anger and embarrassment. "I am very much obliged to you for your most chivalrous proposition, and I beg to assure you that it is entirely unnecessary. Nothing in the world would induce me to marry you, Mr. Scudamore, and I hope you will therefore have the good sense and good taste to say nothing more on the subject. This is my station: if we meet again, I hope you will remember that we are strangers."

She made him a lofty bow and swept away, while Wyndham, utterly confounded, sank back in his seat and was whirled off into the wilds of Kensington. Presently he recovered, and laughed a little although he was hurt. "Poor little girl," he said. "It strikes me very forcibly that Marian has been more of a fool than I took her for, and he did not rest until he had hunted up Miss Kemp and forced her, very much against her will, to confess the mischief that she had done."

"And what is to happen now?" he asked gloomily, and Marian answered with tears that she was sure she did not know. It was a deadlock—an *impasse* out of which neither of Effie's friends could see the way. Wyndham reflected miserably that he might never perhaps meet her more. And indeed, as a matter of fact, some months passed before they met again.

It was at a dinner party that they did ultimately meet, a very unromantic place for such an encounter. Effie was looking very pretty, but somewhat thinner and paler than she used to look; but Wyndham was outwardly unchanged. She wondered afterwards whether he had used diplomacy to effect his own ends; certainly it befell that he was introduced to her as a stranger and bidden to take her in to dinner. Effie was secretly dismayed, but of course she was powerless. Wyndham twisted his mustache and addressed a trivial remark to her as if he had never seen her in his life before. Effie knew that she was irrational to resent this kind of behavior, but she resented it very much indeed.

"But you know that I can't bear the New Humor," she said sharply, in reply to his remark on a recently published work. "I remember talking about it once at Marian's—"

"Oh, I thought we were perfect strangers," said Wyndham, without a smile.

She turned away petulantly, but at that moment he was obliged to offer her his arm and take her downstairs to the dining-room. There was peace between them for a little while. But when dinner was further advanced, he took an opportunity of speaking to her once more about the past.

"I am glad you allow me to be at least on the footing of an acquaintance," he said composedly; "for that gives me just the chance I have desired—of telling you that you are not at all likely to see anything more of me in the future."

"What do you mean?" said Effie, raising her pretty, startled eyes for a moment to his face.

"You have not heard of my misfortunes then? If they can be called by such a name. Personally, I think it is a stroke of good luck for me. The paper I was connected with went bankrupt, first of all. Then my father had some reverses which made him feel disposed to leave the country; and—in short—I have accepted a post in New Zealand which will keep me very effectually out of your way. Good heavens! what have I done? Effie, for mercy's sake—do you care?"

For silly little Effie had managed to turn as white as snow.

"Drink some wine," said her companion hastily. "I have startled you—frightened you, have I not? There, you look better now. You'll forgive me for my abruptness, will you not?"

"It was the heat," said Effie very stiffly.

"Oh, I quite understand that," he said with bitterness. "I only wish it wasn't."

"You wish—"

The answer came straight into her ear. "Won't you come with me, Effie?"

"Oh, hush, what nonsense!" But there was no longer the tone of anger in her voice.

"Won't you, Effie? We shall never meet again, perhaps, if you say 'no' now."

"This is not the time or the place to think of such things," said Effie; an answer with which Wyndham was delighted.

"When will be the right time then, darling?"

he murmured, with great audacity. "May I come and plead my own cause? You will at least give me your address?"

It is perhaps only necessary to state that she gave it him there and then, and that Marian Kemp was sole bridesmaid on the happy day.

[THE END]  
Next week—JAGO AND SIR JUSTIN, BY MRS. VERE CAMPBELL.

#### The Loom of Life.

Unidentified.

All day, all night, I can hear the jar  
Of the loom of life, and near and far  
It thrills, with its deep and muffled sound  
As the tireless wheels go round and round.

Bustle, ceaseless, goes the loom  
In the light of day and the midnight's gloom:  
The wheels are turning early and late,  
And the wool is wound in the warp of fate.

Click, clack, there's a thread of love wove in:  
Click, clack, another wrong and sin:  
What a checkerboard thing this life be  
When we see it unrolled in eternity!

Time, with a face like mystery,  
All hands as busy as hands can be,  
Sits at the loom with arms outspread,  
To catch in the meshes each glancing thread.

When shall this wonderful web be done?  
In a thousand years, perhaps, or one:  
Or to-morrow! Who knoweth? Not you nor I,  
But the wheels turn on and the shuttles fly.

Ah! sad-eyed weaver, the years are slow,  
But each one is nearer the end, you know,  
And some day the last thread will be woven in  
God grant it be love instead of sin.

#### What He Meant.

If legal phrases are sometimes puzzling to the untutored mind, certain colloquial expressions may be equally puzzling to the legal mind. An example is given in *London Law Notes*.

At an examination before Lord Mansfield a witness exclaimed, "I was up to him."

"Up to him," said his lordship. "What do you mean by being up to him?"

"Mean, my lord? Why, I was down upon him."

"Up to him and down upon him," said his lordship. "What does this fellow mean?"

"Why, I mean, my lord, that as deep as he thought himself, I stogged him."

When his lordship still insisted that he did not understand what was meant, the witness exclaimed:

"Law, what a flat you must be!"

"If he had only said 'on to him,'" said his lordship later, "I should have tumbled to him."

#### Sixty Wonderful Years.

It is asserted that the art of medicine has made greater progress in the last sixty years than in the previous sixty centuries. This is an exceedingly steep comparison (odds one hundred to one), but it is the cold truth. Among the other wonders that Queen Victoria has seen during her long reign is that of the growth of the medical tree from the seed. For, as a matter of fact, in the year 1837 the average doctor knew little more about the diseases of the heart, lungs, liver, kidneys, and stomach, than was known to Hippocrates, and stomach, fevers were described in the medical books as "continued" and "intermittent." Nothing could be more sweetly simple and childish. A work on geology by Robinson Crusoe (if that eminent islander had taken it into his head to write one) would have been as accurate and profound as the most authoritative works on medicine were when Victoria was crowned.

About nervous diseases nothing was known at all; and what amusing reading to the learned and skilful aurist of 1837 must be the statement in a leading medical journal of 1837 that the only thing possible to be done in diseases of the ear was to syringe out the external passages with water.

Speaking of diseases of the skin, the great and famous Dr. John Hunter divided them into three classes: First, those which sulphur could cure; second, those which mercury could cure; and third, those which the devil himself couldn't cure.

Broadly speaking, the most distinct line of advance in medicine in the Victorian age has been that of the prevention of disease and the maintenance of a higher standard of public health. Although the number of drugs used in medical practice has multiplied indefinitely, the number of those medicines or remedies which can be depended upon to produce a clear and specific beneficial result in a large class of seemingly varied complaints has not materially increased within the past sixty years.

And the chief of these, the one that is best known perhaps of all, the one which has unquestionably achieved more remarkable victories over disease than any other, the one which is trusted more completely by a greater number of people than any other, the one which, alone and unaided, has secured what a vast variety of so-called remedial agents have failed to accomplish, has been in existence only about twenty years, and was the discovery—not of any learned pathologist or mousing experimentalist—but of a plain, intelligent woman who found it in the fields, as a remote settler in the wilds of California fifty years ago found gold in the bed of a river.

The name of this medicine scarcely needs to be cried out in the ears of civilization at the present day, for everybody knows it as they know the name of the gracious Ruler whose Jubilee we have recently celebrated—Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. Take one more out of the multitude of cases which have illustrated its record during the past double decade.

"In the early part of 1891," says a woman, "I got into a low, weak state of health. I had no appetite, and after eating I had a pain at the chest through to my back. My legs ached and a trembling nervous feeling came over me."

"I had a deal of pain at the left side, and a gnawing pain at the pit of the stomach. I got no sleep at night, and felt tired and worn out in the morning. I became so weak that I could scarcely get about. In this state I continued for nearly five years."

"I saw a doctor and took his medicine, but got no relief or strength from anything. In February of last year (1896) I heard about Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and got a bottle of this medicine from Mr. Goodenough, the chemist, and after taking it I found much benefit."

"My appetite improved, and the food caused no pain. I continued with it and gained strength, all the pain leaving me. Soon I was strong as ever, and can now eat anything and keep in the best of health. You can make any use you like of this statement and refer anyone to me. (Signed) Mrs. J. S. J. Richardson, Bridge End, Somersham, Hunts, May 11, 1897."

Now, it is one thing to recognize a lion when you happen to meet him, and quite another thing to capture or kill him. And dyspepsia, Mrs. Richardson's trouble, and the trouble of four-fifths of the people, is the lion among diseases. The cure for it—the only cure known—is the medicine called Mother Seigel's Syrup. Of this fact there is more proof, and stronger proof, than of any proposition outside the exact sciences. May we not, therefore, speak of this simple, bland, harmless yet mighty medicine as one of the distinguishing medical triumphs of the entire history of man's struggle against suffering and death? It certainly strikes me that way.

## NEWS OF VICTORY

James Thompson Cured of Diabetes by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Dodd's Kidney Pills Have Many Startling Cures to Their Credit in Bruce County—No Medicine Made Can Approach Them.

PAISLEY, Jan. 31.—A marked peculiarity of the people of Bruce County is their firm belief in Dodd's Kidney Pills, as a sure cure for Bright's Disease, Diabetes, and all other Kidney troubles.

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One of those who have been rescued by Dodd's Kidney Pills is James Thompson, of Paisley. He suffered for years, with "an extreme case of Diabetes," and was so bad he could hardly move. Almost every medicine on the market was tried, without effect. Then he tried Dodd's Kidney Pills. His recovery began at that time. Now he is fully restored to health.

Mr. Thompson is only one of many thousands who have been cured of Kidney Diseases, by Dodd's Kidney Pills. The simple, undeniable truth is that every person who has used them for any of these diseases has been thoroughly and permanently cured. This cannot be said, truthfully, of any other medicine that has ever been used. Dodd's Kidney Pills stand alone, in proud position far above any rivals.

Dodd's Kidney Pills ALWAYS CURE Rheumatism, Lame Back, Lumbago, Gout, Dropsy, Heart Disease, Female Weakness, Gravel, Stone in Bladder, Sciatica, Neuralgia, and all impurities of the blood. They are the only medicine on earth that will positively cure Bright's Disease and Diabetes. Dodd's Kidney Pills are sold by all druggists, at 50 cents a box, six boxes for \$2.50, or will be sent, on receipt of price, by the Dadds Medicine Co., Limited, Toronto.

#### Answered.

The doctor who made the reply noted below was a wise man, because he replied to a question which no one could answer, in such terms that the questioner thought him wise. Doubtless he knows when to give bread pills, chalk powders and ill-tasting but harmless drops.

"Doctor," said an old lady to her family physician, "can you tell me how it is that some children are born dumb?"

"Why—certainly, madam," replied the doctor. "It is owing to the fact that they come into the world without the faculty of speech."

"Dear me!" remarked the old lady, "now just see what it is to be educated like a doctor. I've asked my husband the same thing more than a dozen times, and all I could get out of him was, 'Because they are!'"

The doctor laughed.

Pruyn—Is it true that the congregation played progressive euchre to decide the price of the pew at your annual rental? Miss Wylie—Yes; our pastor hoped it might tend to make the pew rents debts of honor.—*Life*.

"You seem to be going home in a very cheerful manner for a man who has been out all night." "Yes. You see my wife is an amateur elocutionist, and she's saving her voice for an entertainment to-morrow night."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

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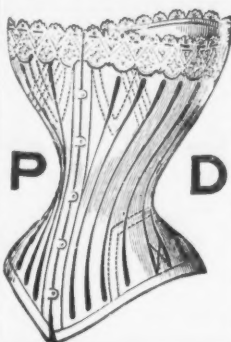


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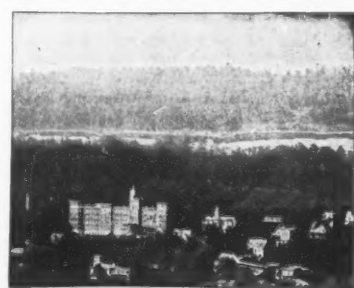
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## THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - - - Editor

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MISS LILLIAN RUSSELL has not for years presented as strong claims upon public appreciation as she does in *The Wedding Day*. There is a good deal less of Miss Russell the beauty, and a good deal more of Miss Russell the actress. This latter feature has been kept somewhat in the background of late years in order that Miss Russell might learn experimentally what her best and best-disliked friends frequently told her. When she abandoned legitimate methods in her art and adopted those peculiar to living picture models, she wandered away from the friendship of the great public which loves a pretty woman but does not long care for women who are nothing but pretty. Both in *La Tzigane* and *An American Beauty*, Miss Russell as we like her best was temporarily suppressed, and her efforts to obtain recognition in a more pretentious, though less artistic sphere, were praiseworthy but slightly ridiculous. But in *The Wedding Day* she appears to excellent advantage and attracts the admiring attention of the audience without that apparent effort that was unpleasantly prominent in her other plays. Few artists have less reason than Miss Russell to have recourse to the spectacular—that last refuge of unintelligence.

The story of the opera, for *mirabile dictu*, this one has a story, has some pretensions to historic interest, and, though somewhat heavy, has been lightly handled and its mirth-provoking features are brought out to the best possible advantage. The plot deals with incidents that are supposed to be connected with the Frondist revolution in France about the middle of the seventeenth century, but so serious a subject very wisely does not become conspicuous till the second act. The scene of the first is laid in Polycop's shop in Paris. Polycop is a baker of respectable antecedents and irreproachable reputation. Despite these advantages he takes the advice of his maiden aunt and weds a lovely young thing from the country, redolent of ruralism, cows and daisies, aptly portrayed by Della Fox. But the maiden aunt and the simple country maiden have woefully imposed on the respectable baker, who is surprised to learn that his bride has lived all her life in Paris and had never been in the country until invited there by the scheming maiden aunt for the benefit of him, the aforesaid Polycop. Prior to this revelation, however, Della sings a charming little song in which references to "my first maiden kiss" are introduced, which touching reminiscence of the long ago produced an unfeeling roar of laughter. Such, alas! are the inconveniences of public life. There is a very fine soldiers' chorus in this act of which the orchestration displays remarkable taste. The husband is drafted for military service despite the tears and protestations of his wife, who accentuates deliciously the peculiar hardship of the situation. General de Bouillon—suggestive title—appears and the wife pleads for her husband's release, to the disgust of Planchet, Polycop's assistant, who has no faith in woman-kind, and biased by his knowledge, or rather lack of it, sees only evil in the passages between his mistress and the General. She is supposed to succeed in this, but Polycop is next seen with all a baker's bravery in command of a company. He does not easily lay aside his natural propensities though, and is much more of a baker than a soldier. This character was admirably played by de Angelis, who is quite the lion of the piece and was re-demanded again and again.

The serious business of the play has in the first act only been hinted at, but in the second we are at once introduced into the inner circles of the Frondist agitation. As usual, there is a woman at the bottom of it. A certain Madame Montbazou, with a talent for intrigue and an ardent supporter of the cause, gives a garden party at which the Spanish Ambassador is to be present to meet the chief movers in the conspiracy and sign an agreement to assist with a Spanish force the carrying out of their designs on condition that certain French territory is ceded to Spain. The Queen's messenger, Lucille D'Herblay, is aware of this, and plans to secure the treaty by disguising herself as Polycop's wife, as it would be valuable and conclusive evidence against the traitors. The Duc de Bouillon, in whose possession the treaty is, is betrayed into a little supper, like an amorous old fool that he is, and of course takes too much wine, falls asleep, and the treaty is stolen. Then follows a powerful scene in which Polycop is, at the instance of his wife, coaxed to acknowledge Lucille as his wife, to divert suspicion from her as the real culprit, although he knows that by so doing he is exposing the true wife to serious danger. As a matter of fact, she is arrested, but owing to the ready conniv-

ance of a young and handsome officer with a lovely tenor voice, easily escapes, which is a most graceful concession to the chivalric spirit of the age.

The third act is beautifully staged and contains many striking features, though the action of the piece practically closes with the end of the second act. The work of the various performers has already been commented on with unusual care by the daily press, and it is not necessary at this late date to say anything about them. In combination the three stars are admirable, but no one ventures to predict a lengthy continuation of the partnership. Something is exceedingly likely to snap.

There have been worse shows than *The Nancy Hanks*—not many, it is true, but enough to save this production from being the worst in existence, though its lack of merit is not the feature that is principally objectionable. I object to *The Nancy Hanks* and to those plays of the class of which it is a fair sample, because they are the products of an organized conspiracy on the part of the theatrical "bosses" to get as much of the public's money and give as little in return as can be accomplished by every device known to experienced ingenuity. There is no use abusing the performers individually, though this is what one is naturally inclined to do. They are rarely to blame, for as a rule the poorer the show the greater are the efforts of the cast to make it "go," and it is hardly fair to blame them for what is altogether beyond their control. A church in a somewhat primitive Western town is said to have found it necessary to display this piteous request:

"PLEASE DO NOT SHOOT THE ORGANIST. HE IS DOING HIS BEST."

Something of this sort, varied to suit the altered circumstances, will soon have to be inserted in theatrical programmes.

The Social Highwayman is very exacting in the demands it makes upon an audience. It is similar in construction to *Capt. Swift* but on very much finer lines. To be understood it must be followed closely, and to say that it deserves to be so treated is high praise. It is almost scholarly in its construction and the connecting links between the various incidents are of finer texture than usual.

The last act closes with the confession and self-inflicted death of the leading personage, emphasizing a nobility of character that constitutes an enigma, the force impelling to both lying in the fact that a friend is suspected of his crimes with no hope of escape from the bitter consequences of that suspicion than by the discovery of the real culprit. The climax is the great and noble act of a great and noble man, and yet, strange as it may appear, there is no thought of inconsistency suggested by this extraordinary character. It is a strange mixture of good and evil, of the things which should not be and are. The story is a bold conception, strong and distinct as a silhouette in outline, vague and shadowy in detail as the murmur of silent music or the echo of unspoken words.

Mr. Ralph Cummings appears in the title role, which suits him excellently, and Mr. Harry Glazier as the valet does some admirable work. Mr. Christie is not only effervescent but explosive, and bangs his lines at the audience from a condition of absolute quiescence without the slightest warning to indicate that he is on the verge of a remark. Miss Nettie Marshall, as the Spanish beauty, was most attractive, but the rest of the support, especially on the part of the ladies, was somewhat colorless.

Denman Thompson without *The Old Homestead* is a curiosity. People have got so into the habit of associating them that it seems difficult to imagine that a separation has taken place. However, *The Sunshine of Paradise Alley* has succeeded *The Old Homestead* and is at the Grand for the latter half of this week, to be followed on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday next by E. H. Sothern in a new play by Anthony Hope, entitled *The Adventure of Lady Ursula*. On Wednesday evening Lord Chumley will be given.

The attraction at the Princess next week is *Men and Women*. QUIS.

It is interesting to enquire as to what will happen next in the local theatrical field. The stock company at the Princess Theater has been putting on fairly good plays in fairly good style at admission fees of fifteen and twenty-five cents. It is quite impossible for traveling companies to compete with these prices and values. People have been going week after week to the Princess, never missing a play and absolutely sure of seeing something worth while put on acceptably. When a traveling company reaches the town people wait to learn if the show is any good—the advance notices cannot be depended on, the criticisms of the daily papers after the first performance are more severe on Sothern than on Joe Murphy or the melodrama of *The Midnight Murder*. People wait to hear their friends say that the show "is a good one," and a good play only makes its presence felt when the week is nearly over. But that stock company offers guaranteed goods—not very brilliant, but always bright and never wretchedly bad, as many a dollar show put on by traveling companies and loudly heralded, proves to be. Therefore, we find the stock company, with its revivals of favorite comedies, its people of average ability, its steady merit, week after week, wins favor, and the Princess is often crowded and always well patronized. But what next? Where will this sort of thing land us? In whose interests are the Cummings people working night and day with a slavishness that might well kill the strongest men and women in a couple of years? These people are inspired by no ordinary inducement. A matinee every day, a performance every night, a new play every week—only those who know something of the profession can even dimly realize how enormous is the work imposed on the performers. And why? The company has branched out to Hamilton, London and Ottawa—that is to say, the company is putting up the same tireless, prodigious and cheap opposition to traveling companies all over the Canadian circuit. The traveling companies are getting the worst of it. It there-

fore becomes interesting to ask whether the Cummings people are working in harmony with the Theatrical Trust, and if so, what will be the next development? Will it be realized by all other managers but Klaw, Erlanger, etc., that it does not pay to send companies on the road, and will stock companies under the Trust cover sections of the continent? Perhaps not this; but what then will happen next?

A Trip to Coontown, at the Toronto Opera House, serves to bring out the fun-making qualities of which some colored people are capable. Certain members of the company were with the Black Patti Troubadors last season, notably Billy Johnson, the wheel-of-fortune man and general leader-astray of people who by a perversion of nature have accumulated money and remained innocent. Lloyd Gibbs, the tenor of the classic portion of Black Patti's programme, is also with *A Trip to Coontown*. It is an amusing show with lots of noise, several good songs of the popular sort and some rather nicely arranged choruses, and there is silly-beggar business right through.

For three nights, beginning on Monday, February 14, Mr. H. N. Shaw, B.A., will give his annual presentation of drama at the Grand Opera House. The first play presented will be *Lytton's Richelleu*, in which Mr. Shaw has achieved great success during his recent tour, appearing as the Cardinal, with Miss Nellie Berryman as Julie de Mortemar. On Tuesday evening *Romeo and Juliet* will be presented, with Mr. Shaw as Romeo and Miss Ida Wingfield as Juliet. The arrangement used by Mr. Shaw in this performance is similar to that used by Mr. Forbes Robertson at the Lyceum Theater, London; the text is fuller and follows the original more closely than the one usually used, therefore students of the Shakespearean drama will find this presentation doubly interesting. On Wednesday evening an English society play, entitled *Duty*, will be presented. Mr. Shaw will here be seen as Sir Geoffrey Deane, with Miss Berryman as Mabel. This play has never been produced here, but achieved great success at the Prince of Wales Theater, London. The plot is of strong interest and the comedy element amusing. The other parts in the plays being entrusted to clever and competent people, and being elaborately staged and costumed, interesting performances may be expected.

Mme. Marie Tavery, the prima donna, has drawn a lot of people to the Bijou this week, who admired the dainty little theatre.

## Hockey Comment.

THE history of the past week's O.H.A. hockey has been centered around the Osgoode team, i.e., the team playing under the name of Osgoode, for there is but one member of the aggregation who is a bona-fide student. Their first round in the O.H.A. is ended and their opponents—Varsity—have been beaten out. The outcome of the first game came rather as a surprise even to their most sanguine supporters. And Varsity was beaten even worse than the score 10 to 5 registered. Then, when nearly all had veered around and were commencing to think that the second game might result as the first, Varsity came on the ice and completely outplayed the legalites, and would have won out easily but for the most inopportune commission of two very palpable fouls by University men, for which the offenders very properly got the fence, allowing the scoring by Osgoode of goals sufficient to win the round by one point. In the first game in the Victoria rink Osgoode pressed Hilborne of the Bank League into service, and with him at point and George Carruthers at cover the forwards were able to skate right up to and through the University lines on to an eventual majority of five goals. It was only towards the end of the last half that condition told, the blue and white rallied, stemmed the tide and succeeded in averting a hopeless defeat. Johnston and Edgar Carruthers shone particularly in this game. Their rushes were strong, puzzling and effective. The Varsity team as a whole appeared as if a cog had been slipped. The defence work was listless and the forward combination erratic and irregular.

A different style of hockey was presented last Friday night at the Mutual street rink when the teams met again. The larger rink, the keener ice and the change in the relative positions of the teams all combined to produce the best hockey match that has been seen here for many a day. All the first half and a great part of the second the two scores oscillated around par. First one team would lead, then the other, but only to the extent of one or two goals. During this period Sheppard and McArthur of Varsity made themselves conspicuous for their good work. And George Carruthers was ubiquitously prominent. He practically was Osgoode's whole defence, and the element of roughness for which his play has been so severely criticized, and rightly, was almost wholly eliminated. But a change came over the scene. The large ice and the killing pace set had been gradually telling on the Osgoode forwards. Morrison was playing magnificently and Johnston was shooting well, but for the rest they were not at home, and Varsity feeling the slack, rallied, and rush after rush ended successfully. Nothing could stop them, and goal after goal was notched, until the score stood 11 to 5 and ten minutes to play. Osgoode's vision, beyond Peterboro', to the championship suddenly experienced a total eclipse. The arrest of Varsity's victorious onslaughts seemed beyond the bounds of possibility. Just here, however, the untoward happened, and it goes to show how indiscretions of individual players may wreck a team's certainty of success. Elliott and McArthur went to the fence for five minutes, and in that time the tables were turned. The legalites raised their score to 7, giving them a majority of one on the two games, held the lead and captured the round. JUNE.

"Sadeye is a man I admire. He and Butts had been bad friends for a year; but when he heard that Butts' wife was dangerously ill, he went up to him and offered his sympathy." "Um! You are probably not aware that Sadeye has gone into the undertaker's business."—*Philadelphia North American*.

## Picture Puzzle.—No. 2.



This picture suggests the name of a town in Ontario. What is the name of the town? The correct answer to No. 1, in last week's issue is "Collingwood." Let our young readers try to guess the name of the town indicated in the above drawing.

## That Seal Question.

Baptiste, hego down Holyoke,  
For see 'is farder an' de folk'.  
He want look well—just bang-up-slap—  
Dat's why he wear his seal-skin cap.  
But when he come at Yankee line  
Dey say, "Baptiste, you mus' pay fine."  
Baptiste, he swear "Non! Non! By Gar!"  
But dat not take 'im no more far.  
An' so he pay it was near half  
Of what he have—dat vas no laugh!  
But when he get down dere, he fin'  
His farder gone at Yukon mine;  
He so surprise he go an' tell  
De story roun', an' say, "O Ciel!"  
Dey de policemen come an' say,  
"Baptiste, annudder fine to pay;  
We have been sent it for collec'—  
Dat 'Ciel' vas come in from Quebec!"  
An' so he pay 'em all he bring.  
To come back vas annudder ting;  
An' so he tink, an' tink, ver' hard,  
An' den he write dem home a card,  
An' say 'em money—sooner better;  
But tell 'em, "Do not seal de letter,  
Dey will not 'low seal from Quebec."  
Well—he not home yet; so I spec'  
Dey have put poor Baptiste in jail  
For send dat word "seal" 'trough de mail.  
By Gar! I tink, me, dat far tax  
Have put Baptiste in sealing wax!  
Ottawa, Jan., '98. E. T. B. GILLMORE.

## Fable of a Political Hog.

A HOG, during a political campaign, hearing a great deal of talk about the barnyard about pigs and pork and one thing and another of a disquieting nature, became very thoughtful and at length decided on a Bold Stroke. Waiting until his Master had gone to attend a Patron meeting he ran away to the Woods and resolved never again to affiliate himself with the old party on whose farm he had dwelt. He would be an Independent hog. But it grieved him sore to find no Trough anywhere. Meeting a Squirrel he unbosomed himself in the hope of getting some pointers from the experienced little woodsman.  
"I'm no longer safe for me to live anywhere but in the woods," he grunted. "A lot of my people went into politics and were given a regular place at the Humber, but they all got stuck up. It ended in cholera. Some other hogs, I learn, got registrarships; and if I grow fat I will be marketed, and if I remain thin then they will think I have cholera or registrarship or some of those new diseases, and I'll be chunked and sent to the Central Prison. That's why I've taken to the woods. But I can't climb trees—you all climb trees, I see. You must show me how."  
"No," said the Squirrel. "I live in a hole in the ground. You can root a hole for yourself."  
The Hog rooted a fine hole and backed down into it. He had never felt so good in his life. He was free. A Hunter came along and poked a long stick down the hole. The Hog tried to look out to see if it was the hired man with a pail of swill, but the Hunter on seeing the tip of his nose cried "Bear," and shot the Hog through the eye, so that he died without getting a chance to explain himself. MORAL.

A Pig ends in pork whichever way it may turn, and there is no use getting into a stew until called on.

## Social Battles in Washington.

NOT only are the politicians at Washington noted for the erratic quality of their statesmanship, but now and then there occurs a very strained state of affairs in the social arena, owing to differences between the wives of public men. There are many and oft-recurring causes of jealousy and at times the hostilities are so severe as to rival in interest the follies of Senators and Congressmen. There was an interchange of courtesies at a recent reception, in which the wife of a former Congressman and the wife of a bureau official were the principals. It was a crowded afternoon affair, and the ex-Congressman's wife was assisting the hostess in receiving the guests. When the wife of the bureau official was presented, the hostess said to the woman of the receiving party: "You know Mrs. Blank, don't you?" "Certainly," said the ex-Congressman's wife, "I would know her anywhere by that pink dress." The cheeks of the bureau official's wife were suffused with a rosy glow, but she turned on her tormentor and said: "Probably if my husband had been mixed up in as many questionable transactions as yours, madam, it would not be necessary for me to wear my pink reception-dress so often as to cause comment." Every word rang out clear and sharp upon the ears of the astonished guests. Inasmuch as there had been frequent criticism of the ex-Congressman for his connection with questionable transactions, the force of the bureau official's wife's retort can readily be imagined.

Still another woman prominent in capitoline society recently sustained severe discomfiture at a fancy-dress ball for which she had moved heaven and earth to obtain an invitation. It appears that the woman who was to give

the entertainment and the one who was so anxious to become a guest, both patronized the same dressmaker. There had been some feeling between the two, growing out of a previous social affair, and the hostess of the ball determined to even up all scores. Accordingly she called upon their mutual friend, the dressmaker, and learned the material which would be used in making up the ball-dress for the unwelcome guest. When the latter arrived at the house and was ushered into the ball-room, she was chagrined and enraged beyond expression to find the entire room, walls, ceiling and doorways, draped with material which was an exact match for the dress upon which she had bestowed so much pains and money. There was not much peace of mind for her that evening, and she is still planning how to be revenged for the affront.

## Books and Shop-Talk.

Mr. Bolton Hall, who was recently in Toronto delivering lectures, is issuing a book entitled *Even as You and I*. It is in simple form and calculated to show who pays the taxes.  
Mr. S. H. Graham, who made the *Whitby Chronicle* almost a model country paper during his period in the editorial chair, has settled in Hamilton as business manager of the *Templar*. He is a man of energy and capacity, and with Mr. George Wrigley as editor we may expect a great deal of the *Templar*. A despatch from Hamilton states that the publishers of that paper propose to erect a \$50,000 building, and it is worth noting that a temperance paper could even contemplate anything so large. It is a sign, possibly, that temperance sentiment is at last prepared to go to some outlay in promoting its interests.

A Book About Shakespeare, written for Young People, by Miss J. N. McIlwraith of Hamilton, Ont., and published by Thomas Nelson & Sons of London and Edinburgh, is a very readable volume and will attract the attention of people who are not young. I am told that Miss McIlwraith, at the request of the publishers, is at present engaged on the preparation of a similar volume about Longfellow.

Sometimes the rivalry waxes very hot between the newspapers in the smaller cities and towns, and just now the *Napanee Star* is hot-foot after Mr. Alexander Karr, whose period of association with the *Star* having terminated, joined the staff of the *Beaver* and published his opinions of his former associates. The *Star* comes out with turned column rules and a long article: "In Memoriam—Lines Dedicated to our Late Editor." The row is interesting to outsiders, but where it will all end no man can say.

The provincial elections take place on March 1, and the editors of the country will gather at Ottawa on March 11. There is a hope that the Press Association and the Press Gallery at Ottawa may unite in the holding of a big banquet at the Capital on that date.

Mr. F. S. Challenger left Toronto on Monday for Palestine. He will spend six months in the Holy Land, sketching and visiting the places of historic and religious interest. It is a great field for the artist.

## Kiss and Marry.

From *The Beth Book* by Sarah Grand.  
"You must be married now, you know. When a girl lets a man kiss her, she has to marry him."  
Beth had been watching her mother's fingers as she knitted until she was half mesmerized by the bright glint of the needles; but now she woke up and burst out laughing. "If that be the case," she said, "he is not the only one that I shall have to marry."  
Mrs. Caldwell's hands dropped on her lap, and she looked up at Beth in dismay.  
"What do you mean?" she said.  
"Just that," Beth answered.  
"Do you mean to tell me that you have allowed men to kiss you?" Mrs. Caldwell cried.  
Beth looked up as if trying to keep her countenance.  
"You wicked girl! How dare you?"  
"Well, mamma, if it were wicked, why didn't you warn me?" Beth said. "How was I to know?"  
"Your womanly instincts ought to have taught you better."  
Unfortunately for this theory all Beth's womanly instincts set in the opposite direction.

## The Golfer's Valentine.

Harper's Monthly.  
Where'er I look, whate'er the place,  
Mine eyes are stung by thy face!  
Whate'er I try to do the while,  
My stroke is foiled by your smile!  
Where'er I walk, I can't disguise,  
My steps are bunkered by thine eyes!  
If I would speak to thee, perchance,  
I slice my words beneath thy glance!  
Some days when thou art kind to me  
My heart is lifted gloriously.  
But when, alas! I have thy frown,  
'Tis topped and sinks, and sinks deep down!  
Sometimes, when listening to thy sigh,  
I pray for some great brassie lie  
With which to strike the ball of dole  
And drive it hence to ease thy soul.  
Sometimes, when listening to thy mirth,  
I'd try to loft the whole glad earth,  
And make each mortal on it see  
How sweet life's fair green is to me.  
Ah, Phyllis dear, my soul's so rapt  
To think of thee, I'm handicapped!  
But on my knees I beg the joy  
Of being just thy caddy-boy.  
Two up and we upon this day—  
Let's seek the priest—with one to play;  
Or, if 'tis modal play, 'twill do  
Were we to make it one off two!

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

## Those Enterprising Turners.

Canadian Gazette.  
Mr. J. A. Turner, son of the Premier of British Columbia, appears to have been purchasing Silver Forks and solving puzzles at the same time. At any rate, the Watchmakers Alliance give bold advertisement to the fact that he has been the recipient of a cheque for \$40 from them under the terms of the competition they had organized in connection with the sale of their goods.



## Music and the Drama in New York.

"If music be the food of love, play on."



Mrs. Gerrit Smith,  
Solo Soprano.

tion as to whether or no the sequel to the Prisoner of Zenda will be dramatized. The subjects under discussion are not pathetic monologues, like the Veteran of Waterloo, nor are they thronged with participants like The Conquerors at the Empire. On the contrary, they may both be termed dialogues, which, abounding in sundry episodes, and being preceded with the conventional length of prologues, will terminate, we trust, with satisfactory epilogues. The first of these pretty stories came to light when, a week or two ago, Maurice Barrymore received the announcement of his daughter Ethel's engagement to Laurence Irving of the Lyceum Theater, London. The next act will take place when, in the early spring, the promising playwright and the bright young actress will be married under their own names, Ethel Blyth and Laurence Broadbent.



Ernst Kraus,  
Tenor.

Everyone admires pretty Mary Mannering; as for the matinee girl, she fairly adores the art and stage presence of James K. Hackett, who for weeks has been ill with typhoid fever. To the surprise of all, except a few intimate friends, it became known lately that on May 2 these two, like Romeo and Juliet, whose parts they had often played together, were secretly married. So the first act in this case was performed behind the curtain.

Shortly before his illness, Mr. Hackett was favored with the following poetic effusion, which was written in a school-girl hand:

I'm not considered much at verse  
And yet I think I might be worse.  
Still, in this little paragraph  
I'll ask you for your autograph.  
Now, please don't think me very rude  
To press you in this verse so crude,  
But if I incur your wrath,  
Please send along your autograph!

We are happy to add that the request was granted.

This reference to the Lyceum calls to mind



Scene from "The Little Minister."

Pinero's comedy in five acts, known as The Princess and the Butterfly, which, for a number of weeks, held sway at that theater. It is a cutting satire, and abounds in amusing as well as dramatic situations. The leading roles have been sustained by Mr. Hackett, William Courtleigh (his understudy), Edward Morgan, Mary Mannering and Julie Opp of St. James's Theater, London. The music, which extended through the entr'actes, was well chosen, the first number on the programme being Beethoven's overture to Prometheus. The orchestra, which was placed under the stage, was composed entirely of stringed instruments, and contrasted delightfully with that noisy performance, The Telephone Girl, seen at the Casino on the preceding evening, when, to enhance the realism, bells rang at given intervals and in unexpected places throughout the house. And here, in passing, it may be said that,



Mary Mannering and James K. Hackett  
in "The Princess and the Butterfly."

merely from our own point of view, the last named performance is an excellent one—not to see.

The Tree of Knowledge, A Ward of France and The Royal Box have met with success, but the most powerful magnet this season is Maude Adams in The Little Minister. The play is

pleasing and odd, the support is tolerably good and the scenery appropriate; the aged elders are doubly amusing because their presence on the stage is incongruous. Robert Edson is handsome, and though not excessively ministerial in manner claims our sympathy. But the charm of the play rests in the acting of Maude Adams as the gipsy girl. This young artist is the most popular actress in New York, and she is very highly respected. As a young and insignificant youth once said of Miss Adams, while he sighed and looked pathetically hopeless: "She can have me any time!"

But it was our purpose to tell in this letter of the opening of the grand opera season, to describe Melba's triumph in Traviata and Gadsdki's in Tannhauser, and to narrate how the papers praised Mlle. Toronto. Instead of doing this we have been gossiping for several paragraphs! What will the editor say? Our intentions were the best, and we took copious notes in order to be accurate, so for the rest of the allotted space music must reign supreme.

In the first place Traviata is not a very beautiful opera, but it gives Melba plenty of chances to sing and trill—as only she can—and that is the reason Damrosch chose it for the initial performance this season. This prima donna was not disappointed; she gained applause, bouquets and recalls, as of yore. The second opera given was Tannhauser, when Gadsdki, Kraus, Fischer and Bispham were in the cast. That which impressed us most favorably on this occasion was the acting (not the singing) of Kraus. He is a young, fine-looking German, who is evidently determined to succeed. His histrionic ability may be likened to that of Jean de Reszke, though his voice will never bear comparison with that artist's. Kraus was the recipient of two large wreaths tied with gay ribbons, also of numerous floral tributes. On Friday evening Die Meistersinger was sung, and on Saturday afternoon, January 22, Mlle. Toronto made her appearance as Siebel and happily scored a success. The Times said of her on the following day:

Mlle. Toronto is a promising young woman. On the stage she looks a little like Marie Studholme, but there is more of her. Her voice is a pure soprano of light color but of sufficient body. She sang the Flower Song very prettily, albeit she was suffering from a cold. Mlle. Toronto is a promising young woman and is welcome.

To this we wish to add that a Canadian who has the courage to step on to this stage, to gain the approbation of that stern body, the New York musical critics, and who wears, and is glad to claim, the name Toronto, deserves something more than a laurel-wreath upon her return to that city.

On Monday evening, January 24, Aida was given, and on Wednesday Lohengrin. During the intervening day Mr. David Bispham enjoyed a change from his operatic duties, when he sang in Mrs. Albert Adams' large and luxurious mansion for the benefit of the "four hundred." The musical programme was arranged and directed by Mrs. Gerrit Smith, who sang also, and the other artists were: Miss Julie Opp, Dr. Gerrit Smith and Mr. Barend Van Gerbig. It was one of those rare afternoons when society and music intermingle and refresh each other.

Our last item is that representatives of the Lamb's Club are going "on the road." They will visit the largest cities of the United States, including Buffalo, and in their company will be some of the most distinguished actors of the day. The object is to reduce the debt on their Club, and their performances promise to be exceptionally good. It is to be hoped that they may include Toronto in their circuit, for though much is heard of the music in that vicinity, the list of plays and players might well be increased. There are two arts which advance hand in hand, and as unity insures strength we have much to expect from music and the drama.

New York, Jan. 28. HUME CASWELL.

## Peter, Billy and Others.

I HAVE tried for many reasons to give him another name, but Peter he must remain; nothing else can indicate his peculiar personality. Peter is my ideal of a devil-horse. I never wanted to experience Peter. I was but a child when I knew him, but Peter rampant in a sloping hillside pasture outlined against the sky of a very hot summer, is a conception that does not fade with time nor merge into that of any more likable horse. It is a fearful thing to contemplate how one goes on recklessly gathering ideals in youth, of men and maids and horses and other things, and how one may never escape from these ideals in later life even under the most favorable circumstances. Peter is one of my ideals.

He was (I believe he must externally have passed away by this time) a farm horse, but he had nothing to do with farm labor on account of his patrician devil nature—he was driven by women, whom he had reduced to a condition of utter servitude, and it was then I knew him. On Sunday, Peter's Sunday, it was necessary to go to church. The merest infant amongst us had to trudge miles on a blazing day so that Peter might have his Sunday, although he never did anything through the week; and on our return, limping like veterans, there was Peter exulting in his hillside pasture. I used to wish that some equine equivalent for church might be devised so that Peter might know what it was to suffer.

When the feminine authorities did venture to take Peter out for a drive, directions were issued to sit fast at the first bill, for then Peter in his displeasure would try to break the necks of the company. That could be borne, for it was exciting, but it must be admitted that it was hard even for the sense of humor of an infant to spend half an hour in some obscure meandering of a grass-grown country road while Peter sulked motionless and the lady in charge repeated at intervals, "Now, don't laugh, it makes him so angry; Peter won't be laughed at."

Hail and farewell! Peter, my most familiar shadow of the immalleability of horse nature, it is long and long ago since I departed forever from the pestilential region of your hoofs.

Billy was another, but not cross, poor Billy, merely eccentric. His best peculiarity became evident on a rail-track. He lived near the most villainous level crossing known to man, and whenever Billy reached it he would put down



Writing the Valentine.  
Harper's Monthly.

"I am afraid I'll have to give it up, Mollie. I can't think of a rhyme to lover that will do in that last couplet."  
"I tell you what you can do. Write the last two syllables illegibly, and let him find out what it is for himself."

his shaggy, foolish, country head and snuff at the steel rails until every express train in creation would seem to be projecting itself towards both hidden corners of that inexpressible approach to commerce. I never see the wild, free, clumsy brace of creatures harnessed to a farmer's wagon, trotting curiously home from market past the trolleys, with bright eyes and unmannered looks, without seeing Billy again and wondering how many masters have been sacrificed to his innocent diversion. For nothing was ever done to Billy; he snuffed on unmolested even by a remonstrance; it was a habit that Billy was always going to get over, but Billy never did.

Heigh-ho, and was it only last summer that a farmer's boy in a remote hamlet was detected in the act of shooting home the cows on a bicycle? What would Peter or Billy have said to that? Mere human life would have been at a premium. But it is still possible occasionally to hang over a bridge in Rosedale and bless some man far down below for riding on a horse.

There have been exceptions even in this humorous experience, and Charlie B. was one of them. He came from The Island, not The Island commonly known as Hanlan's Point, but another The Island far away. Immediately on his arrival Charlie B. was given an opportunity to show his paces on the beach, and he apparently had been brought up inland on The Island, for he did not recognize the waves. Wind has blown as fast as Charlie B. seemed to go that day, but not too often. There are progressers more triumphant than any electric car, conclusions more startling than the humor of any comic opera. And that was a propitious day. We came in together, but no more could be said.

But yet one thing remains. In the days when there were still obstacles in the way of reading novels, especially some novels, we found a book. The story did not hang on the verge; it plunged right in on the first page. There was a woman with tawny hair, standing in the midst of a storm-tossed avenue of trees. To her came thundering out of the night a dark man with eyes, on a galloping coal-black horse. The heaving sides of the horse were flecked with foam, and the pits of his nostrils were red; oh, well do I remember, the pits of his nostrils were red. The man pulled the horse back on his haunches, and the woman poured out bitter words, (which contained the embryo plot of a highly exciting novel, as the infant mind was quite capable of receiving); and the man and the horse galloped on. Then the book was unavoidably removed. The name of the author, the name of the novel, every clue to the identity of that book, except its style, has disappeared, but the woman with the tawny hair, the dark man with the eyes, and the galloping coal-black horse have remained. Perhaps it is better so, but if I were to find that precious volume fallen like a roc's egg in the night, I would put off a most important engagement and read it to-morrow.

Toronto, Jan., '98.

## The Countess of Klondike.

Canadian Gazette.  
Yukon has been conspicuously to the front at Blenheim Palace. At the recent theatricals the Duchess of Marlborough appeared as the Countess of Klondike and sang a song, four verses of which ran as follows:

Of course I saw the Jubilee;  
It was a tring function;  
I saw the Queen, the Queen saw me,  
And bowed with specialunction.  
State concerts, operas, and plays  
Innumerable pleased me;  
I intermingled nights with days,  
Until the megrims seized me.  
And now I've reached this distant isle,  
I'll hope for peace and quiet;  
It's possible that man is vile,  
But there will be no riot.

Guarded by many a faithful tyke,  
I'll cultivate my reason,  
And save the fortune of Klondike  
Until another season.

## A Street of Wonders.

IT is a very plain, ordinary kind of street to the eye at first glance. Respectable residences rise right at the sidewalk, as respectable residences do where taxes are high and no space is to be wasted. The houses are of brown stone and are very neatly and symmetrically built, each stone looking precisely the same as the others. In fact, it's a most conventional-looking street, grave, middle-aged and moderately well-to-do. But strange things happen in sight of those brown-stone fronts; wonderful and startling things take place in view of those stained-glass windows.

He was an old man, bent and broken. His scant gray hair fell unkempt over his shoulders. He walked with eyes on the ground, his stick thumping the sidewalk at every step. Suddenly he stopped. His face was working convulsively as a weak-nerved old man's will. From his breast-pocket he took a bundle of papers.

"No, no," he muttered, "they sha'n't leave these, they sha'n't have these. My son left them with me, and nobody shall take them from me."

He stooped to read the writing with his aged eyes. There was a footstep on the pavement behind him. The old man didn't hear. A tall man in a black coat and a silk hat approached. At sight of the stooping figure with the papers he started and stopped. His teeth showed under his black mustache. Crouching like a panther he came up behind the old man. Suddenly he straightened himself; there was a flash of steel. With a groan the old man fell on the pavement. The tall man stooped to snatch the papers from his victim's hand, and then sped down the street. The old man lay where he had fallen—dead.

He was a handsome young man—tall, fair, noble, and she was as beautiful as he was handsome. Instinctively one would have known they were lovers.

"Darling," he exclaimed, and his voice, passionate yet tender, echoed down the long row of buildings.

She raised her delicate face to his.

"Yes, dearest," she said.

"Do you think when I'm afar, carving a name for myself on the tree-trunks of the African forest, you will forget me?"

"Never!" she cried, with the ring of sincerity in her tone.

He seized her in his arms and kissed her.

The brown-stone fronts stood unmoved. They had seen too many strange sights to feel surprised.

The snow was falling on the street of the brown-stone houses, falling in spasmodic bursts, as if the clouds were dropping it by handfuls. A beautiful woman in evening dress was kneeling in the road, her face raised to meet the falling snow, praying. Beside her was a golden-haired little boy, bare-headed and without nits. The woman ceased praying and convulsively seized the child in her arms.

"We've no home now," she sobbed.

The child looked at her wonderingly.

"Don't you care, mammoth; I'll take care of you," he said, in his childish treble.

The woman, sobbing afresh, buried her face in his little vest.

The tall man with the silk hat approached jauntily, with a malignant smile under his black mustache. No, it was not the villain that the stained-glass windows had seen murder the old man, but surely very, very like him. The child stood in front of his mother and stretched his arms apart to bar the way.

"Don't you touch my mammoth," he said, in puny fierceness.

The man recoiled, but quickly recovering his composure addressed himself to the woman.

"Ha! ha!" he exclaimed. "You scorned me once. You drove me from you with contempt; you listened to the voice of a rival—"

"Stop!" Her voice was queenly in its imperiousness. "Reville me, insult me, but do not dare to mention the name of the man whom you have so basely wronged—a!"

Her voice, intense with scorn, rose to a shriek at the last words.

The man shrank back. Her scorn seemed to wither him. He stared irresolutely at the undaunted woman for a moment; at last his eyes fell. He turned away with clenched fists. In the glimpse the brown-stone fronts got of his face as he passed they knew there was trouble in store for the lady and her boy. As for her, she was weeping again.

But that street has seen stranger scenes than these. It has seen ballet dancers plying their profession in the roadway; it has seen duets between duchesses and tramps pass undisturbed by the policeman of the beat, who if he appeared at all merely joined in the chorus; it has overheard the squabbles of innumerable pairs of Dutchmen and Irishmen; it has overheard the most foul and treacherous plots and conspiracies; in fact, there are few things it hasn't seen and heard—except happenings in real life. For the street of the brown-stone fronts is a stock drop scene in the theater.

Toronto, Jan., '98.

S. H.

## This Picture and That.

THE STAGE.  
Misses.—We have met with reverses, Mary, and can no longer afford to keep a servant. You have served us faithfully many years, and it cuts me to the heart to say the words—but we shall have to learn to do without you.

Mary.—You can't, ma'am; and what's more, you sha'n't try! Who says that I want wages, or anything else, except my mouthful of victuals and a board to lay on, when those that's more'n flesh and blood to me are in trouble? Don't say no more about it, for it can't be done! (Applause.)

Misses.—Bless you! you faithful old soul. It's the silver lining to our cloud of distress to know that we have such a staunch heart as yours to count on.

## REAL LIFE.

"Biddy, your master is bankrupt, and I'm afraid you will have to look out for another situation."

Biddy.—Then it's a month's warning or a month's wages as I'll be takin', mem, beside the fifteen shillin' I owe me for back arrears.

## The United Stateser at Home.

[This letter is from a responsible and level-headed Canadian who is spending the winter in Denver, Colorado. When at home he is not considered a "Jingo," and therefore his report on the state of feeling which he has encountered in the Republic is not to be lightly discounted.]

THE cost of living in Denver is about twenty-five per cent. more than in Toronto. The climate is dry, the air clear and pure, the altitude about six thousand feet, the sun almost a daily visitor, and undoubtedly those suffering from lung or bronchial troubles may, if they come in time and remain sufficiently long, receive great benefit or possibly be cured, but the majority of those who reach here in quest of health come too late.

A few things have struck me as incongruities in this land where all men are supposed to be free and equal. At the time I first reached here a suit was going on, colored man vs. the leading opera house here. The colored man had purchased a reserved seat ticket for a play going on at the theater, and attired in evening dress and unobjectionable in his get-up and demeanor was ushered to his seat. A few moments later, at the instance of the manager, he was told that he must move out on account of his color. He refused and was ejected. He brought suit, had the law clearly upon his side and should have had an unappealable verdict at the first court. Instead of this the theater was allowed to carry the matter along from court to court, making it so expensive for the colored man that he had to drop the case, practically beaten and financially ruined. In this State—while a breach of the law is for the most part winked at—it is a misdemeanor for a colored man to marry a white woman or a white man a colored woman. A short time ago the lawyer for the defendant set up the plea that his colored client could not be tried by a jury of whites, as, owing to the difference in their social position and treatment, the whites were the colored man's superiors and not his peers. This argument staggered the judge for a moment, but was finally overruled. While speaking of trials a very amusing thing occurred here a few days since. A white woman was charged in the police court of stealing coal from a railroad yard. The accusation was admitted, but mercy was asked for, and when the woman marched up before His Honor, followed by eleven youngsters ranging from infancy to fifteen years of age, the heart of the Bench was melted and the prisoner was allowed to go free. Afterwards it became known that she had returned nine borrowed youngsters to their respective mothers.

I have read with interest a number of letters from Colonel Denison to the *Globe*, and from an Englishman whose name I forget, taking exception to some of the Colonel's statements in reference to the feeling in this country towards Great Britain and the action Canada should take in the premises. It seems to me that the Englishman shares with nearly all Old Country people the alluring fallacy that "blood is thicker than water," that our neighbors to the south of us are our cousins, brothers, fellow-countrymen, etc., etc. This, I am convinced from observation, from reading the ordinary run of the United States newspapers, and from the action from time to time of the United States Government and Senate, is a wholly erroneous impression. I am convinced that there is in this country a widespread feeling of hatred to England and that a great number of the people of the United States would welcome a war with England, so much so that should England at any time feel her resources taxed to the full by European complications, a conflict would be precipitated. I am satisfied that the United States ultimately intend to not only attain possession of Hawaii and Cuba by annexation, or purchase, or otherwise, but that she will never be content until the Stars and Stripes replace the Union Jack as the flag of the Dominion.

I attribute this feeling of hatred to a number of causes: Jealousy of England, her institutions, her power, and her titled aristocracy, the galling sense of being her money debtor, but more than all or any other reason to the fact that for years her school-children have been taught that England has always been, is now and ever will be, the bullying, domineering enemy of the United States. Pick up almost any United States publication for youths and you will find well written articles on the valor of "Americans," and the cowardice of Englishmen, and in no case will you find that the Yankee has come out second best. Tell a Denver boy that during the war of 1812, fourteen hundred captured United States ships were sold as prizes in London, that two-thirds of the business men of the Republic became bankrupt, that the shipping trade of the United States fell off enormously and has scarcely recovered the position it occupied in 1807, and he would not believe you simply because he has never heard this side of the story. Boys, so misinformed and inflamed, are now some of them men, merchants, mechanics, politicians, soldiers. Is it any wonder they are eager to speak ill of England and ready at any time to do her an injury? A word as to Canada's position: It seems to me that Col. Denison possibly overrates, not the courage, but the physical power of Canada to hold in check our southern neighbors, should they ever elect to pay us a hostile visit. They outnumber us ten to one; they are a rich, strong, prosperous, brave nation, and while there is no question that Canadians, in all the attributes that go to make courageous, brave soldiers, are the peers of any in the world, there is a grave doubt in my mind whether we would, unless ably assisted, be able to withstand, as at present equipped, the onslaught of overwhelming numbers. It seems to me the line for Canada to pursue is quietly, and as inoffensively as possible, from time to time, as her resources will admit, to strengthen her defences, her fighting strength, and, in a word, all that goes to make a modern nation respected by her neighbors. Let her hope for the best but prepare for the worst.

## CANADIAN ABROAD.

Denver, Col., Jan. 27, '98.

"Mrs. Struckett affects the antique in her house decorations."—"Yes, she told me the other day she was heart-broken because she couldn't get the shades of her ancestors for her parlor windows."—*Truth*.



# STEAMSHIP SAILINGS.

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Saale, March 5	Mar. 14	Mar. 19	Mar. 18

**NORTH GERMAN LLOYD**—English Channel  
New York, Southampton (London) Bremen  
Havel, Feb. 8; Lahn, Feb. 22; Trave, March 1.  
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# Anecdotal.

On one occasion a wine merchant sent Lord Palmerston some special Greek wine, which he said was admirably adapted for gouty patients. Lord Palmerston tasted the wine. "I would rather have the gout," he said.

A friend of the late Lord Granville, noted for his badness and avarice, was speaking one day about a mutual friend who was going to be married. "I would like to give him, my lord," said he, "something rare but not expensive. 'Present him a lock of your hair,' Granville whispered sweetly.

When Renaud first went as senator to Paris, he engaged a room at a hotel and paid a month's rent—one hundred and fifty francs—in advance. The proprietor asked if he would have a receipt. "It is not necessary," replied Renaud; "God has witnessed the payment." "Do you believe in God?" sneered the host. "Most assuredly!" replied Renaud; "don't you?" "Not I, monsieur." "Ah," said the senator, "I will take a receipt, if you please."

On the eve of Mr. Gladstone's departure for France, when ominous reports were in circulation as to the state of his health, a friend asked the veteran statesman if his continuous reading and literary studies might not have had some undesirable effect on his nerves. "My dear sir," replied Mr. Gladstone, with an air of seriousness, "can you imagine what would be the condition of my nerves if I were compelled to do nothing?"

Two ladies in a Nebraska town were talking recently about the characteristics of Mr. Bryan. One was a Baptist and the other a Presbyterian. The lady who was a Baptist remarked that Mr. Bryan, who is a Presbyterian, had serious thoughts of joining the Baptist church. The other lady looked at her incredulously and after a while remarked, "Oh, no, he won't." "Why not?" "He would have to be immersed, and he's afraid to get out of sight of the people that long."

At the pension office in Columbus, Ohio, a battered person presented himself with a demand that his name be entered on the rolls. After some searching of the books the official refused. "I hardly think you are entitled to a pension," he said. "Your name does not appear on the war records. What battles were you in?" "Well, colonel," replied the applicant, "terrible plain truth, I wasn't in any battles, but I lost my voice a-hollerin' when Gin'ral Lee surrendered."

A rather blunt-spoken old minister, who

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"The Bookshop,"  
No. 12 King Street West,  
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sometimes forgot that politeness was a virtue, was a great friend of Deacon Stubbs of Conservative Corners (says *Harper's*). One evening recently, at a business meeting, they differed, and the deacon secured a majority, somewhat to the parson's dissatisfaction. Then, with a smile that savored of sarcasm, he remarked, "I think Brother Stubbs is a fool to-night." To which the deacon readily replied, "No, I am not a fool, but if you claim the privilege of calling me brother, I admit that I am akin to one."

When Mr. Rudyard Kipling was a lad he went on a sea-voyage with his father, Mr. Lockwood Kipling, and the *Academy* prints an anecdote of that time, characteristic of the young writer's early grip on things. Soon after the vessel got under way Mr. Kipling went below, leaving the boy on deck. Presently there was a great commotion overhead, and one of the ship's officers rushed down and banged at Mr. Kipling's door. "Mr. Kipling," he cried, "your boy has crawled out on the yard-arm, and if he lets go he'll drown!" "Yes," said Mr. Kipling, glad to know that nothing serious was the matter, "but he won't let go."

The following story of the late General Havelock-Allen, told in an interview some time ago, is worth repeating. Fifty years ago General Havelock, the father of Sir Henry Havelock-Allen, was going with Dr. Brock and his son to a solicitor's office, and on passing over London Bridge the father told the boy, then about eighteen, to wait in a recess on the bridge until they returned for him. This was about eleven o'clock in the morning. At six in the evening the servant was told to tell young Mr. Havelock that dinner was waiting. A reply came that he had not been seen all day. Talking the matter over, the minister recollected the father telling the son to wait on the bridge. The General jumped into a hansom cab, drove to the bridge, and there found the boy.

There is in the United States War Department archives the application of a man who wanted to be an army chaplain during the administration of President Lincoln. Attached to it are a number of endorsements which are interesting as disclosing the characters of two men whose influence largely moulded the policy of the Government in those turbulent times. The endorsements read as follows: Dear Stanton,—Appoint this man chaplain in the army.—A. Lincoln. Dear Mr. Lincoln,—He is not a preacher.—E. M. Stanton. The following endorsements are dated a few months later, but come just below: Dear Stanton,—He is now.—A. Lincoln. Dear Mr. Lincoln,—But there is no vacancy.—E. M. Stanton. Dear Stanton,—Appoint him chaplain at large.—A. Lincoln. Dear Mr. Lincoln,—There is no warrant of law for that.—E. M. Stanton. Dear Stanton,—Appoint him, anyhow.—A. Lincoln. Dear Mr. Lincoln,—I will not.—E. M. Stanton. The appointment was not made, but the papers were filed in the War Office, where they remain as evidence of Lincoln's friendship and Stanton's obstinate nerve.

# Between You and Me.

COMICAL indeed were the experiences of the "best man" at a recent wedding not a thousand miles away. They began at the telephone, when he called up the marriage license man (who knew him) and announced that he would call upon him in half an hour. The best man was then sufficiently zealous in his role to ensure the bridegroom-elect from a fruitless journey through the shades of evening in search of the necessary parchment. Together they called upon the license man, who obtained all the particulars necessary from the conscientious best man, and proceeded to fill in the license with the best man's name. Of course explanations were hilariously offered, and one might have thought the perils of the best man were at an end. Not so! When the bridal party stood up before the parson, the parson looked at the best man and enquired, "Wilt thou take this woman?" and the best man, not knowing that the visual organs of the man of God had the embellishment of a "cast," was rent between a gallantry which forbade him to decline present matrimonial fetters, and a loyalty which protected the rights of his friend. "By Jove!" said the best man when everything had been adjusted, "between the license and the quilt I never was nearer being married in my life!"

I wonder that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals didn't go in a body to the dog pound last week and rescue the doomed bow-wow. It was at a brilliant tea that I heard about the canines' woes, and that tea was spoiled by them. A beautiful face was confronting me, and a very much excited woman was adjuring me to go and buy one of the dear old doggies before they were put into the horrible gas-tank and "murdered." For a moment that seemed a wise and good thing to do, and then a vision of my rescued doggie turning tail and scotching off to his former miserly, or careless, or heartless master rose like a wall between me and my impulse. But in spite of this I cannot quite endorse the idea that because someone won't pay a dollar or so a year, these poor beasts, some of them worth a good sum, should be trapped and asphyxiated. One feels a quite proper and justifiable impulse to chuck in the dog-catchers along with the dogs.

What is the purest love? asks a correspondent. That is such a large question. There is nothing lovelier than the affection, just tinted with passion and haloed with reverence, of a good husband for a good wife. But such a love has its rights and the iron hand is under the velvet glove, though its fingers may never have to grip the heart. Once people are married there are legal aspects and compulsory duties and responsibilities. It is a good love, but it is mixed with the law and the conventions; it owes something to the world outside. And sometimes, almost often I nearly said, this new aspect frightens away the old love, and a changeling comes into its shrine. Then there is the love of the young folks, absorbing and selfish, wounded by a breath of coolness, hurt by a thoughtless word, the growth of it phenomenal and the fruit of it often a blight.

A will-o'-the-wisp thing is first love, as you and I, who have fallen in and out of it, well know. There is mother-love, sung and honored the wide world over, which gives and gives and is never weary, and surely should be pure, if ever a love be so. But mother-love is sometimes unwise, and under its cloak queer things are excused and done; and some day it finds itself vainly seeking a return, as is natural, but selfish, and the world is full to-day of bitter whispering Rachels who have loved their children well, only to find them lacking when the mothers were in need.

There is a love which comes as near the Divine as any I have studied, and it is the love of woman for a man from whom she may never hope for any adequate return. Often it is that the woman is much older; perhaps she is bound elsewhere; perhaps circumstances separate her from the one to whom she gives this precious and brooding affection, a thing so spiritual, so unselfish, and often so unaccountable, that if one knew of it and had no further proofs, one would believe in the soul. Coming upon this question of my correspondent to-day, just after I had laid down Frank Allen's book, *The Choir Invisible*, I knew that this was the purest love. If you remember, the woman who loves the hero is already married, and the careless reader will go on for chapters without knowing she loves. It is so delicately told, then, when the fine, sensitive creature might have gathered in her selfish sheaves, but does not, for the man, not growing as she does, has been garnered elsewhere, and at the end of the tale sends her his eldest son—for what? for the blessing of being loved by her. When she sees him she flings her empty arms about his neck, and the tall young man looks into her aging face, sees the young soul alight in her eyes, and says, "I don't wonder now at the way my father loves you." Such a love is surely as purely spiritual as the love of the angels whose "neither marrying nor giving in marriage" is the figure under which we discern what purity love may attain; and to those who can take it in, the atmosphere of that novel, *The Choir Invisible*, is as vitalizing as the upper air of the hills of heaven. As I said, it makes one very conscious of one's soul. LADY GAY.

# Shattered Nerves.

## The Most Prevalent Trouble of the Century

It Attacks People of Both Sexes and All Ages—A Complete Breakdown Follows Unless Prompt Measures for Relief Are Taken.

From the Newmarket Era.

Probably the most prevalent trouble on this continent to-day is nervous prostration. How frequently we hear this term, and yet how few appear to realize its full deadly import. Nervous prostration is to be found among people of all walks in life, and among children as well as adults. Among young people it is often the result of our high pressure system of education. Among those of more mature years it may be due to the cares of business, or to overwork, or worries in the home. But whatever the cause the inevitable result is a breaking down both mentally and physically, unless prompt measures are taken to stay the ravages of the disease and restore the shattered nerve forces to their normal condition. One such sufferer who has regained health gives her experience for the benefit of those less fortunate. Miss Edith Draper, who resides with her parents at Belhaven, Ont., is a young lady who is very popular among her circle of acquaintances, and they all rejoice at her restoration to health. To a reporter who called upon her she gave the following particulars concerning her illness and cure. "You know," said the young lady, "how ill I was last winter, when my friends feared that I was going into a decline. In the early part of the winter both father and mother were attacked with la grippe, and I had to look after them as well as attend to the household work. The strain was more than I could stand, and the result was I fell ill. The doctor who was called in said my trouble was nervous prostration and that it would take considerable time for me to recover. Under his care I was after a short while able to leave my room and go about the house, but my nerves did not seem to regain their strength. My limbs would twitch as though I had St. Vitus' dance, I was subject to headaches, had a very poor appetite and was so weak that I could scarcely go about. I had been advised to try Pink Pills and one day spoke to the doctor about them, and he said he believed they would do me good. I got three boxes, and by the time I had used them I felt they were helping me and I got a further supply. By the time I had taken six boxes I was feeling stronger and better than I had for years. All the twitching in my limbs had disappeared and my nerves seemed as strong as ever they had been. I still took the pills for a little while longer to make certain that the cure was complete, and since the day I discontinued them I have not felt the slightest return of the trouble. I feel that my present excellent health is due to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I am glad to be able to recommend them to any one whose nerves are in a shattered condition."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a tonic medicine. By their use the blood is renewed, and the nerves made strong and vigorous, and in this way disease is driven from the system. As a spring medicine Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are unsurpassed. If feeling languid or "out-of-sorts" a box or two will restore you to vigorous activity. Ask for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and take nothing else.

Younger sister (sentimentally)—They say love is blind. Elder sister—And dumb, too, I think.—*Bazar*.

"Yes, my sight improved just as soon as I was 'pinted postmaster.' "How do you account for it?" "Readin' postal-cards."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

Nell—Do you believe there is any luck in a rabbit's foot? Edith—Indeed I do. Why, I knew a girl who used one to spread her powder with and she married a man with nearly a million.

# A Storm is Brewing.

Your old rheumatism tells you so. Better get rid of it and trust to the weather reports. Scott's Emulsion is the best remedy for chronic rheumatism. It often makes a complete cure.

# Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon MUST accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not desired.

GEORGE HENRY.—This is a live and snappy person, adaptable, independent, rather sympathetic and a bit taken up with him or her-self. Decided self-assertion, decision, care for details, sociability and some caution are shown.

FURBERDOTE.—Careful, conscientious and considerate is the lady of these lines, and honest and reliable as well. There is some brightness of perception, very little culture, love of beauty, and some refinement, which promises pleasant things when she is developed.

IS THOUBLE.—I don't think you can have any character, my son, to write such a lot of rubbish! You love a girl, (and you just eighteen!) Your parents consider her beneath you. Shall you give her up? Oh yes, for goodness sake do, then she may pick up a real man, not a ridiculous infant like you.

"AND CO."—This is a strong, free-handed and somewhat canny person, sure to take a practical view of life, yet not above being emotionally influenced. Energy, impulse and enterprise are shown. Writer is not always sure to take a hopeful view, but can adapt himself to circumstances and has courage and endurance. There is some fine character in this study worthy of respect.

MARY PERKINS.—This study is strongly persistent, and whoever wrote it has talent and tenacity, original and independent thought, vitality and self-reliance, but not necessarily self-assertion. Some susceptibility and a caution which admirably balances it are shown. It should be perfectly safe to tell Mary a secret. A person of education, tradition and strong self-respect, and whose experience has had time to ripen.

PHARMACY.—Well, you are a real sugar-coated pill, I think, and you'd slip down with a laugh and probably agree with a good many persons. A great deal of tact, sympathy, love of the beautiful, and general plausibility are yours. You are no spend-thrift, and you do good, hopeful and conscientious work. Order and proportion are your watch-words; reasonable discretion and a logical mind are shown. A nice chap.

TRILBY.—Why, I've been quite lonesome for you, Trilby! At one time every tenth letter was from you, but now you are quite out of date. Your writing shows sentiment, refinement and loquacity. You love a good time, with plenty of company, and you can have one even under trying circumstances. Your mind is bright, and you should give it a better chance to work and grow. Now you can follow out a small idea, and do, when you might be tackling very large ones indeed.

GUM.—Your hopes were vain. There wasn't a ghost of a reason why it should be among the first. I have, I am afraid, kept you waiting. The study shows a good deal of force, some prejudice, some self-will and a rather crude method. Writer has strength rather than style, and her judgment is apt to be sharp. A very positive and cumulative energy is shown, and a clear, bright mentality. The general trend of the disposition shows lack of gentleness and repose, and while honest and courageous, some roughness.

DANTE.—The truth is not so very bad, but you have not yet come out as the years will make you. In the first place you need knitting together, for your ideas are somewhat impractical and visionary. You are conservative, deliberate, honest and truthful, not very buoyant nor apt to meet a crisis with success. You are careful, and I think some relation to someone I've done to-day, but not by any means her equal. There is promise in one little word which contradicts all the rest of the mediocre study. So it's in you to be something bigger and better than you are. Try it!

NOT ORIGINAL.—You have your own notions and prejudices, and have them decided; are persistently an optimist and a somewhat erratic thinker. Haste and hurry will mar some of your finest efforts. You are reasonably discreet and quickly seize ideas, some times appropriating them as if they were original. You are not a diplomat nor particularly tactful, and a good deal of nervous energy shows, undirected by judgment and lacking poise. Not disturbed from without so much as from within is your weakness. I think you're sensitive and high-strung.

SEVENTEEN. (OTTAWA).—This is a very much varying study, largely remarkable for leaning one way and looking another. The substance of the study does not mislead. There is a lack somewhere which spoils the finest lines. The writer is careful, sensible, practical and a trifle pedantic; good temper and conscientious method are shown, but the study lacks spontaneity and snacks of insincerity and unreality. There is love of beauty and excellent sequence of ideas, well-meaning and slightly ambitious effort. The writer might be a very good fellow, but would possibly be a frightful bore.

MICHELLE BELLE.—You want an aim and object to live for. The feeling of lacking something, you know not what, is common to the girl who leaves school and definite work behind her. You are a very interesting object to yourself, if you understand your capabilities. Don't worry over the boys; try to overcome the impulse to spend time and thought over your feelings to them. What you think about, that you are. You have too much force and dignity to be a softy. Your writing shows generosity, good nature, self-assertion, discretion, dislike to innovations, a logical mind, and a very young and inexperienced nature.

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## The Toronto Art Loan Exhibition.

THE Art Loan Exhibition, the result of so much planning, interviewing, conferring, is almost at its close. The projectors have very many reasons for being gratified with the results of their efforts. To those who viewed it seriously, the display, though small, is full of instruction and interest and some amusement. To those who viewed it *en masse*, as many seemed content to do, it is in the main pleasant to the eyes. To all the effect could not be other than salutary. As is common with many such undertakings, many things are discovered as "might have been" when we see the *ensemble* and are somewhat familiar with its minutiae. These are painfully apparent to none more than to those who have tried to realize their ideals in its arrangement. Others who had no ideals to realize and would never by any chance try to realize them if they had, often see, too, where failure attends. For instance, why certain paintings are hung where they are, why some are present and others more meritorious are absent, are echoes which have rolled down the ages and are familiar sounds in the ears of hanging committees; why in arranging a Japanese tea-room that most artistic nation should be represented by cheap umbrellas and cheaper lanterns, in view of all their delicate embroidery, pottery, etc., more to the purpose. Why an antique room should be draped with such

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modern and conventional, and somewhat inharmonious hangings is also to be asked. These are all very minor considerations when viewed with all that was accomplished and all that was truly artistic and educative. There are many, many objects, indeed, the seeing of any one of which would repay the public many times the cost of entrance. Could some such similar display stand always open to Toronto citizens it would be a great moral and educative force; and would but a fraction of the tired, worried mortals who run against one hurrying through the streets, who

"Like the gods of northern legends  
On their shoulders bear the sky,"

turn in occasionally to such a resting-place, it would prove to them a veritable Elini.

The entrance hall and stairway contain several good paintings, notably The Isle of St. Denis, by Frere; the excellent Sheep, by Morris, loaned by Mrs. Church, and several good portraits loaned by G. Tower Ferguson. The Barns, by Raeburn, is fine, and the old lady who with such placidity and geniality looked down on the passing crowd—we felt an instinctive desire to kiss the folded hands and humbly apologize for our innate frivolity and insipidity of character, and our perpetual fussing. But then, as we affectionately reminded her, she did not live in our age. She had never run to catch an electric car, nor jumped at the swirl of the telephone, and as for a bicycle, why, of course, she never rode one. And as her intelligent eyes followed us down the corridor we felt she pitied our driven condition, and would fain clasp us in her motherly arms and tell us how to possess our souls in patience. The sweet face of Mrs. Wily Grier, the work of her husband, also adorned the wall, and J. W. L. Forster's excellent portrait of Rev. Dr. Gregg. The five Indian scenes by Paul Kane are treasures of historical interest, and remind us of the need for some patriotic, whole-souled Canadian artist to rise and keep for us the records of our country's early history, which are fast being lost. Its early conflicts, its places of historical interest, the manners and customs of the earlier inhabitants, the Indians—these are being lost to art.

We cannot attempt anything like a complete account of either the artists represented in the picture gallery, their subjects, or by whom loaned. Much of this is to be found in the programme, and those who failed to go to see, who could have gone, why—do not deserve to be told, and likely would not appreciate it if we did tell them. Paintings never can show to their full advantage in a picture gallery. The subjects which seem to touch each other necessarily, often border on the ludicrous. All cannot be in good light; a certain clashing of coloring is inevitable. There are many excellent works of art in this collection. If only the two paintings loaned by Mrs. John Morrow were present it would be an art gallery. The landscape by Leader, and Rosa Bonheur's Foxes, are the opportunity of a lifetime to many. These two alone are insured during this week for \$35,000 (speaking commercially). Several landscapes held the attention and transported one into the midst of pulsating musical atmosphere, among green trees, on green swards or beside placid waters. Ernest Parton, C. Hayes, Weedon and several others are delightful. Some charming landscapes by Canadian artists are noticeable—Mr. Blatchly, Mr. R. F. Gagen, Mr. J. T. Rolph, Mr. John Fraser and others. Mr. O'Brien's Hayfield contains such a delicious effect of diffused sunlight and hazy, dreamy distance. Edith Sheep is truly poetical, and Cattermole's figures are lifelike and good in coloring. Mr. Wily Grier loans, through Mrs. F. B. Johnston, one of his little Italian girls, which he presents always in such artistic treatment. Mr. Knowles has two conspicuous fishing scenes, brilliant and clean and poetical, as Mr. Knowles is wont to be. Mr. Bell-Smith has several of his characteristic scenes. Priceless Treasures by Ricci is one of the gems of the collection. Of figure subjects several good ones are present; one loaned by Mrs. Morrow is particularly virile and rich in color. Cardinal Richelieu by Murillo is no doubt excellent in technique, but to our mind very bad art. It contains neither inspiration to live nor encouragement to die. A gem indeed is the girl by Gabriel Max. It is as near a representation of a spirit as it can be discerned in this environment of ours of flesh and bones. The body is, what it should be, but the casing of a beautiful soul, which dominates and indelibly, unmistakably impresses on every fleshly external its character and individuality. Mr. G. A. Reid is well represented by his Clockmaker and a landscape somewhat impressionistic. Puppies, in innocent but dangerous proximity to a lobster, is a fine piece of realism. One wonders how long the puppies waited to pose. The expressions are highly amusing and we naturally find ourselves conjecturing if that lobster should assert himself how many puppies would be on the scene—one likely. The background is an excellent piece of still life. Mr. Sherwood is represented by two figure subjects. We bowed in profound admiration before some fine architectural paintings. Mrs. Reid sends some lovely roses, so artistic in composition and tender in treatment. There are many others worthy of all attention, two sweet little landscapes loaned by Lady Thompson; and if any of my readers have not seen this collection there is still a chance to do so to-day, and they will be better fitted for worship on the day following.

The room furnished by the Woman's Art Association presented a beautiful appearance. They were favored with particularly good light and displayed together to great advantage a somewhat difficult collection of paintings and china. This organization has done a great deal to enthrone many young artists, to give them the support and strength which comes from community of interests. Of its leading spirit, Mrs. M. E. Dignam, it can truthfully be said in the words of one who knows our Canadian art world, "the most progressive woman in art in Canada." This sounds elaborate, but certainly no one lady in art has shown herself to be possessed of such admirable public spirit and liberal progressive mind. The strides the Association has made, and the fruit of its hands to-day, are its own evidence. The ceramic display is large, varied and original. It is an interesting study to compare it with the display of antique china. The richness of coloring, artistic designing and many other points,

make our modern work very desirable. Already the study of this art has produced new shapes in china, and who knows but yet it may bring Canadian pottery? At an art loan a hundred years from now will surely be shown the Victorian cup and the beautiful ceramic art of 1897.

Of paintings, Mrs. Dignam, Miss McConnell, Mrs. Hemsted, Miss B. Williams, Mrs. Scott and others contribute. Miss Hemming sends some lovely miniatures, as does also Miss Archibald. Madame Vander Linde's case of miniatures partakes of the naturalness and simplicity of that sweet little lady herself. Mrs. Elliott's illustrations are well known and much appreciated. Miss Springer also contributes illustrations.

The antique room contains many examples of old furniture from the firm of Jenkins & Co. in mahogany and rosewood, those desirable and almost extinct woods, in Chippendale, Sheraton, Hipplewaite, and Adams manufacture. Several lovely tables are shown. A card-table, mahogany, inlaid with different woods, satinwood, tulip-wood, ebony; a revolving double-decked tea-table, an ebony-veneered buhl table inlaid with wood and pearl, with ormolu facings; chairs of different descriptions, armorial in dark walnut; *habitant* in black willow; Flemish baronial in black oak, Elizabethan with its duck feet; looking-glasses of the first Empire; ancient carved oak chests; a large secretaire inlaid with fine woods, a combination of styles, large hall-table and side-board; old empire carved settles with claw feet, and many other ancient and honorable pieces of furniture. Beautiful fruit and flower epergnes in ormolu are loaned by Mrs. Gzowski. Other objects of interest, which we cannot here describe, add interest to the room—the inlaid table and tabouret, loaned by Mrs. (Prof.) Robinson; the copper trays in Clement Heaton's celebrated work, the property of Mr. Knowles; a perfectly convex looking-glass; pieces of old china; the sword of Wolfe; and particularly the excellent portraits by Lely, Sir Joshua Reynolds and others.

The antique china is so well classified and so distinctly labeled as to make it one of the most intelligible collections. The fans and laces of Lady Aberdeen are an art display in themselves, and had we only seen the exquisite lace fan in pearl, hand lace, and the panel of silk lace made by a Chinese lady, we would deem it time well spent. The collection of photographs is large and very pleasing, as are the "illustrations."

Of the collection of curios much cannot be said. The beautiful model of the famous Taj Mahal, loaned by Mrs. Builder; the models of Hindu temples, and of the Japanese house; the objects of interest from India, loaned by Rev. N. Russell; fine bits of lace; rare jewelry; beautiful Belleek china; ancient books; Egyptian manuscript loaned by Rev. Dr. Caven, and innumerable other objects, each with a history, go to make up a most interesting display.

Scattered throughout the building are various pieces of statuary, mostly, with exception of the statue of Sir John Thompson, which is by Heybert of Montreal, the work of Mr. Hamilton MacCarthy, and some French statuary in the music room. No doubt it is quite *comme il faut* that these should be distributed in favorable spots, and adds very much to the general effect of the rooms; but to see the full force of statuary and to read its meaning a comparison of the figures is essential. These figures are all as different in the marble and bronze, in character, as the originals were in lifetime. The lofty dignity and spirituality of E. Lally, loaned by Mrs. D'Alton MacCarthy, impress one very much; Principal Grant, Dr. Williamson, Hart A. Massey are characteristic figures; Sir John Thompson is himself. Two groups, Burns and his Highland Mary, and the more graceful and artistic Paul and Virginia, also grace the hall; a dream of beauty, Night, stands in the music room.

## Why They Stared.

An odd experience of a "famous naval architect" is narrated by *Olds and Ends*. Etiquette is a complicated social device and ignorance of it brings many curious results.

The naval architect was the guest of a prince of the German imperial family, and when out walking with his host observed that the side of the path he occupied was smoother and easier than that upon which the prince was walking. Thinking it to be only ordinary politeness, the guest changed from the left to the right side.

Then he noticed that the notables whom they met saluted the prince with profound respect, but stared at him as if they were very much surprised, and wondered who he was. In a short time the prince said:

"Did you observe that after you changed to my right side the people whom we met looked at you in great surprise?"

"Yes," was the architect's reply; and then he explained why he had changed his position.

"Ah, yes! just so!" laughed the prince. "Well, I will explain why they looked so intently at you. It is a rule of the German court that the person of the highest rank shall occupy the right-hand side. All the people whom we met knew me, but when they saw you on my right hand, they supposed you to be a king, and wondered who you could be."

The guest promptly passed to the left side.

## How a Woman Made Money in 1897.

Having read numerous accounts of persons making money easily, prompts me to give my experience. During the past few years I have tried selling various specialties, dish washers being included, but usually met with failure until I tried the Imperial Dish Washer. Since taking up this work I have made from \$100 to \$150 per month, and only worked part of the time.

It requires little or no ability to sell the Imperial Dish Washer, as it is only necessary to show it in operation to make sales. When the housekeeper once sees it wash, dry and polish the dishes in three minutes without the operator wetting her hands, it requires little or no argument to make a sale.

If any of your readers desire a profitable and genteel employment I would strongly recommend the business of selling these dish washers. Ladies can do the work as well as men. No experience is necessary.

You can secure full particulars and get a start in the business by writing to the Imperial Dish Washer Co., St. Louis, Missouri. "F.M."

Brutus said to Caesar, who was preparing for an invasion of Britain: "Well, you have a lot of Gaul (gall)."

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"We find that the Ale uniformly well agreed with the patients, that it stimulated the appetite, and thereby increased nutrition. The taste likewise was highly spoken of. In nervous women, we found that a glass at bedtime acted as a very effective and harmless hypnotic."—Superintendent of large United States Hospital

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## Morgan an Unsafe Leader.

San Francisco Argonaut.

THE *Call* remarks with much justice that Senator Morgan is an unsafe leader in the annexation question "or any other serious matter," and cites in support of its contention undisputed facts. The Behring Sea tribunal found us indebted to Great Britain in a sum equal to the value of her ships taken as prizes. Secretary of State Gresham appraised this amount at \$424,000, and the President, agreeing with him, sent Congress a message asking an appropriation to pay it. Senator Morgan was Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs and had been a member of the Paris tribunal. He attacked the appropriation, and said that we did not owe England a cent. He caused a supplementary court to be created to take testimony and ascertain whether we owed anything to Great Britain or not. This court has finished its labors of two years, sitting at Victoria, San Francisco, and elsewhere, and examining numbers of witnesses. It has reached the unanimous verdict that we justly owe Great Britain \$424,000 as found by Secretary Gresham, and that interest swelling it to \$164,000 must be paid by us, and the costs of this supplementary court—the total, \$600,000. We have, therefore, the sum of \$176,000 additional to pay as the result of following the leadership of Senator Morgan. Yet worse than this—he placed this country in the position of repudiating the verdict of a tribunal to which it had agreed to submit. He placed it in the further position of refusing to pay a sum of less than half a million dollars to Great Britain, the verdict of an arbitration tribunal, when that country had paid us fifteen millions of dollars under a similar verdict without delay or protest. Senator Morgan may be a wise man, a patriotic citizen, and a worthy leader—but we doubt it.

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"I fear," said the manager, as the living skeleton sat on him and intermittently hampered him, "I fear that my curiosity has got the best of me."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

"Mrs. Lowdick," meekly muttered the hither-to patient boarder, "I can stand hash every day without a murmur; but when you put raisins in it and call it mince-pie, I draw the line."

**NAPOLEON**  
It is said would have won the Battle of Waterloo had it not been for a bad attack of indigestion. Poor tea is to a great extent responsible for the prevalence of this complaint.

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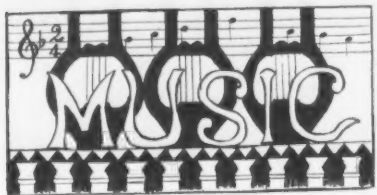
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An English writer in a recent admirable article on the subject of choral singing very pertinently says, among other good things: "The recipe for a life of this, 'Like your friends and ride a hobby.' And as regards one's bread and cheese work, the heart and soul principle carries one through. The best way which I know to compass these ends is to join in choral singing. In a good society each executant is a finished artist, and there is thus a great social delight in forming one unit of a splendid whole. In the lesser societies, training and knowledge are gained; and however poor in ability one may be, there will be found others with whom to claim equality; or, if one is superior, there comes the pleasant sense of leading, and the duty of teaching. The initial difficulty is of course first the acquisition of a voice, and next the control of it; this, I have always strongly contended, is by no means beyond the reach of everyone. The stiffer bar is found in the lack of enthusiasm—enthusiasm being an absolutely essential element in music. An American writer has recently said: 'The musician who has no gush in him is no musician; he is a machine. If human blood had not the red tincture of iron, it would be worthless as blood; that is, for human beings; it might serve the turn of a fish. And so a musician must have within him the glow of rapture; and, if he have merely a digital facility, he had better take to watch-making rather than piano playing. Technical knowledge, scientific instruction, and all the grades of poetic music are valuable if they meet the requirements of good literature (the writer is speaking more particularly of the want of gush in the prevailing literature of music); but in the very center of this garden of multifarious plants, let there be a fresh and irrepressible fountain of emotional enthusiasm. The fountain springs from unknown depths in the earth, and enthusiasm springs from the mysterious abysses of our spiritual life.' But this warmth for a work of love is not always present, even in the members of the best choral societies. In the Royal Choral Society, for example, I know of one vocally decrepit specimen who habitually brings a local newspaper to every concert and reads it during the solos, and this man is one of the most irregular attendants at rehearsal. Apart from the rustling of his paper, the very sight of it is naturally an annoyance to his neighbors. If one of these days he should be literally kicked off the orchestra which he disfigures, may I be present to add my hearty and enthusiastic pedal contribution! Concurrent with enthusiasm runs an expenditure of self—self sacrifice of a kind; for, although rehearsals are delightful on the whole, they occasionally need some very hard work and become tiresome, and they always involve a lot of time. Other accompaniments are a sense of solidarity, and, as I quote below, a public spirit."

The appended letter has been received from a local patron of the art divine. Whilst many will agree with much of the sentiment contained in the letter, our concert managers will fail to see the wisdom in scolding "society" for making the most of the social aspect of local concerts, especially since the support of society people makes it possible to arrange for concerts which otherwise could never be undertaken. It is also, perhaps, taking an extreme view of the case to sweepingly depreciate the musical calibre of society audiences, as many of our most enthusiastic and intelligent music patrons are very prominent in society as well. The enumeration of notables attending local concerts, with descriptions of dresses, etc., is not, as a rule, found in the columns devoted to musical criticism, but rather in columns reserved for the doings of society:

*The Musical Editor of Saturday Night:*  
Sir,—A noticeable feature of our Toronto concerts is the importance of their society aspect, sometimes even taking precedence over their musical side. This is demonstrated by the fact that, in the musical columns of the press, concert criticism, we see such expressions as "a very fashionable affair," "one of the social events of the season;" often the important people in the audience are enumerated and some of the more conspicuous dresses described.

It is an insult to the musical standing of the city when high-class music is put into the same category as an At Home or other society event. Of all audiences, the least appreciative is the strictly society one, or if they do show outward signs of appreciation, it is because they feel it to be the "correct thing." I realize that concerts must depend on society to a certain extent for financial support; but music cannot be brought to the level of society—society should rise to the level of music, and the press should aid in bringing this about. O. F. T.

As will be noticed by an announcement in another column, the Associated Board of the Royal Academy and Royal College of Music of London, England, are arranging for local examinations in Canada, similar to those which have already been held under the auspices of this influential body in Australia and other British Colonies. The president of the Associated Board is His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. Among other names on the Board I find Sir Alexander Mackenzie, Dr. C. Hubert Parry, Signor Randegger, Mr. Frederic Westlake, Sir Walter Parratt, Sir Arthur Sullivan and Mr. Franklin Taylor, all musicians of eminence and wide reputation in the British musical world. A syllabus is being issued for Canada which will contain details as to the examination requirements, the fees to be charged for the same and the methods to be employed by the representatives of the Associated Board in conducting the examinations. As regards these examinations and the standard set by the Associated Board for the Colonies I will have more to say when I have examined into the syllabus more carefully. The Canadian honorary local representatives are: Mr. Sheriff Sweetland, Ottawa; Hon. L. J. Forget, Montreal; Lt.-Col. J. I. Davidson, Toronto; Adam Brown, Esq., Hamilton; Hon. R. R. Dobell, M.P., Quebec; H. H. MacLean, Esq., Q.C., St. John, N.B.; and Adolf Gregory, Esq., Van-

couver. The honorary general representative, Major MacLean, Montreal, will be happy to answer any questions affecting these examinations, or any enquiries may be addressed direct to the central office, 32 Maddox street, London W., England.

An important movement has been on foot for some time past to organize for Canada a series of local examinations in music of a grade in advance of the examinations which have been instituted in some of the colonies by the Royal Academy and Royal College of Music and other English examining bodies. The popularity with certain classes of the rather trivial examinations instituted by the English schools has suggested the desirability of a more advanced grade of examinations for this country under Canadian auspices and along lines which shall be in harmony with the natural trend of our musical development. The musical life of this country, as well as of the neighboring republic, draws its inspiration from no one source, but is influenced in music, as in other branches of education, by the best from all the leading countries of the Old World, a fact which has been recognized and remarked by foreign musicians of eminence who have visited this side of the Atlantic during recent years. It is believed by those best informed on the subject that any system of examinations introduced into this country, in which the progressive tendencies of the people are not taken into account, will not be likely to prove of permanent benefit to the cause, and, artistically at least, will be certain to result in failure. The plan which is now being formulated in Canada to arrange for examinations of a progressive and searching character will be announced in detail in the near future. The support which has been assured the movement by leading musicians in all parts of the country assures the immediate success of the undertaking.

Bloor street Presbyterian church was crowded to the doors on Monday evening last, on the occasion of a special service of praise, when the excellent choir of the church, assisted by a number of prominent soloists, rendered an admirable programme of sacred music. Both as regards the impressiveness of the service and the immense audience which attended, the occasion surpassed any previous event of the kind ever given in the church. The choir sang with remarkably fine effect three exacting anthems, showing the results of very careful and artistic training, such as reflected most creditably upon Mr. Blight, the able choir-master. Miss Beverley Robinson, who assisted, sang Haydn's With Verdure Clad, and The Palms, by Faure, her refined phrasing, pure intonation, distinct enunciation and the spirit of devotion which pervaded both songs leaving a marked impression upon the audience. Mrs. Maclean sang with much sentiment and in good voice Granter's Hosanna, and a simple hymn from the Church Hymnal. Solos were taken during the evening by Mr. A. E. I. Jackson of the choir, who gave an excellent rendering of Rossini's Through the Darkness (Stabat Mater), and by Miss May Pugsley, soprano, and Mr. Courtice Brown, tenor. The organ solos contributed by Mrs. Blight, as well as the accompaniments played by this gifted lady, were among the artistic treats of a very enjoyable programme throughout.

In a recent interview Sir Arthur Sullivan denies, so far at least as he is concerned, the theory of inspiration in composing. He likened the theory of waiting for inspiration to the idea of a miner seated at the top of a shaft waiting for the coal to come bubbling up to the surface. "He has to dig for it," Sir Arthur exclaimed to his interviewer, and he added that the very melodies in his work which appear most spontaneous were the result of particularly hard work and of constant re-casting. Rubinstein, in his Thoughts and Aphorisms, expressed practically the same idea: "A great number of persons believe that melody comes all at once and as if by surprise into the head of the composer, however he may feel and whatever be his occupation for the moment. What a mistake! You must rub the match to make it flame. Just so it is that only when the composer applies musical reflection to his desire to produce a melody the harmonious thought is born which, after being for a long time studied, modified, completed in all its parts, takes little by little a definitive form."

Piano pupils of Mr. Peter C. Kennedy, assisted by Miss Bertha Rogers, a vocal pupil of Miss Amy R. Jaffray, Miss Nellie H. Walmsley, a violin pupil of Mr. August Andersen, and Miss A. M. Sydney, teacher of the 'cello, gave an interesting recital at the Metropolitan School of Music on Thursday evening of last week. The programme, which included a very pretty Berceuse for piano, composed by Mr. Kennedy, was an excellent one, and the manner of its interpretation reflected much credit upon the executants and their teachers. The pianists who took part were: Misses Josie Murton, Ethel Mountain, May Tomlinson, Ethel Dadds, Ruth Norwich, Maggie Mitchell and Jeannette Anderson. Mr. Kennedy has a large class of pupils at the Metropolitan School of Music and his success as a teacher has attracted a considerable clientele from outside towns as well as from various parts of Toronto.

The concert to be given by Herr Klingensfeld's Orchestra on February 17 promises to be a marked success. Herr Klingensfeld has succeeded in bringing his players up to a standard of proficiency which, it is said, has not been equaled in this city for some years. A very attractive programme has been prepared, in which the orchestra will be assisted by the "Blind Paderewski," Sig. Nutini; the popular Canadian prima donna, Miss Augusta Beverley Robinson; M. Felix Mercier, tenor, and M. Lou Sa-Gous, the French baritone. With such an array of talent, and with a programme of orchestral music which will appeal to all classes of music-lovers, Massey Hall should be crowded on this occasion, particularly as popular prices of admission have been decided upon by the managers of the concert. A subscribers' book is now open at Messrs. A. & S. Nordheimer's, 15 King street east, telephone 749.

A sacred concert was held in the Parkdale Presbyterian church on the evening of January 27, which proved a very enjoyable event to the many who were present. The choir of the

church, whose unaccompanied singing was a noteworthy feature of the concert, having been augmented to about forty voices for the occasion, also rendered the Hallelujah from the Messiah with an energy, clearness and precision which reflected much credit on their esteemed choirmaster, Mr. A. M. Gorrie. The fortunate assistance of such well known vocal soloists as Mrs. H. W. Parker, Miss Ella Ronan, Miss Mae Dickenson, Dr. T. B. Richardson and Mr. Victor Hutchison, promoted greatly the success of the concert. Three organ numbers were given during the course of the evening by Mr. Edmund Hardy, Mus. Bac., F. T. C. M., the organist of the church.

The Guillemant organ recital at the Conservatory of Music on Monday evening, February 14, is already an assured success. As this will be M. Guillemant's only appearance in Toronto this season, and in all probability the last occasion upon which he will ever be heard in this city, the fine concert hall of the Conservatory should be, and doubtless will be, crowded to the doors to hear this most famous of contemporary organists and organ composers. But for the enterprise of the Conservatory of Music the eminent French musician would not have been heard in this city this season. It is gratifying to those who have assumed the responsibility of his engagement to notice the measure of appreciation which is being shown by the public regarding this event. The plan opens at the Conservatory of Music on Monday morning next.

A delightful evening was spent by members of the Toronto Male Chorus Club and a number of invited guests at a reunion held in St. George's Hall on Thursday evening of last week. In the unavoidable absence of the genial and energetic president of the Club, Mr. Brouse, the evening's proceedings were presided over by Mr. R. S. Gourlay, vice-president, who made an admirable substitute. A capital programme of instrumental and vocal music was rendered in which many of the leading local amateur and professional musicians took part, after which refreshments were served. The Club is already making preparations for an active and brilliant season for next year. Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, the popular conductor of the Club, who has been pursuing his musical studies in Vienna for two years past, is expected to return to Toronto about May 1.

Mr. R. G. Kirby, who for several years past has had charge of the choir of Euclid avenue Methodist church, and during which period the music of the church has been most materially improved, has resigned his position there to take charge of the music at Trinity Methodist church. Mr. Kirby's energy and his well known ability as a singer and leader will, without doubt, enable him to produce the same gratifying results at Trinity church as awarded his efforts at Euclid avenue.

Miss Dora L. McMurtry, the talented local soprano, who for the past four months has been pursuing her vocal studies in New York under the instruction of the eminent composer and vocal specialist, Mr. C. B. Hawley, returned to the city on Saturday last.

In recognition of the laudable aims of the Toronto Orchestra, under Herr Klingensfeld's direction, the Lieutenant-Governor and Col. Sir Casimir Gzowski have been pleased to lend their patronage to the first concert of the organization on February 17.

Mr. J. D. Ritchie, of the Jarvis street Baptist church choir, has been engaged as choirmaster of Dovercourt road Baptist church.

Watts—There is no such thing as telling the quality of whisky that you taste these days, is there? Lushforth—No. The only test is the feel. Watts—The feel? Lushforth—Yes. And you have to wait till next morning for that.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

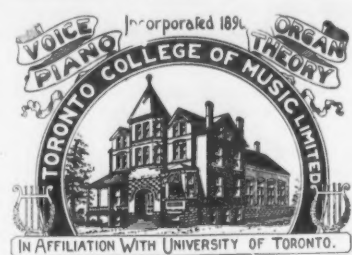
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Mr. D. R.  
Imperial Ba  
this week.

Along with  
Mr. Walker,  
of Commerce  
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fraternity.

Col. and M  
were in town  
were return  
Skagway.



## Social and Personal.

Next Tuesday afternoon, at four o'clock, Rev. George W. Wrong lectures on The Normans and Their Architecture, for the Woman's Art Association.

Mrs. Hastings and Mrs. W. Hewes Oliphant gave a pretty tea on Monday, at their cosy home, 210 Simcoe street, just *vis-a-vis* with the stately residence of Sir George and Lady Kirkpatrick. Mother and daughter vied in hearty welcome and kind attention to the pleasant party of women who chatted and laughed together during the darkening hours of late afternoon, and an unusually enticing and pretty group of girls were in attendance at the tea-table, which was done in pink with carnations as floral decoration. At no time were the rooms too crowded for comfort, for east side hostesses were perforce late in arriving, and so kept up the stream of greetings on one hand and adieux on the other until six o'clock.

This afternoon the pupils of Mr. Edward Fisher are giving a piano recital in the Conservatory Music Hall at three o'clock.

On Tuesday evening a merry sleighing party took their way to the country, after the charming concert in St. George's Hall, and chaperoned by Mrs. Cattanauch had a jolly rendezvous and supper at the residence of Mrs. Jennings, West Toronto Junction.

Opera, bright and sparkling, full of fun and excellently costumed and staged, broke the long famine at the Grand this week, and there was a decided rush for seats. On Monday, when the brilliancy of the *mise en scene* is apt to be mottled with first-nighters in any old garb, the house was unusually smart. Society, however, had its skates on, and deferred its opera until Tuesday, when it arrived, late as usual, but not so often late, because no one wanted to miss a moment of The Wedding Day. In one of the boxes was Mrs. Eber Ward and a pretty theater party, while some of the other boxes were occupied by much diverted members of the other companies now in town, the Cummings Company dropping in very late and much appreciating the lovely last scene. The house was exceedingly smart and more than one large theater party gathered about their radiant chaperone and afterwards supped at her hospitable residence. The gowns on the stage were capitally designed, and, as ever, the buxom Lillian was a picture, wearing a pelisse and Capuchin hood of rich purple velvet lined with white satin, or a gorgeous pink gown and adorable plumed hat, and even prettier in her white costume as the pretended bride of the baker, that funniest of little fellows, whose encore song of matrimonial escapes, mingled with dances to suit the nationality of each sweetheart, brought down the house. I have seldom heard an opera audience laugh so heartily as they did at de Angelis, who is quite as funny as Wilson, without a *soupeon* of vulgarity. And a word for the leader and the orchestra. It was freely remarked that the accompaniments were the best heard in ages, both in tone and volume. Altogether The Wedding Day was a good thing, and Toronto will probably be glad to celebrate any number of anniversaries.

The Skating Club reunion on Monday evening was a record breaker. Every member seemed to be there, though after all quite a few popular skaters were dining, opera-going, or under the weather. The rinks, both outer and inner, were well filled, and a number of enterprising skaters essayed the fascinating waltz for the first time, resulting in several falls, happily not serious ones. The ice was in good shape, and when the band played their usual warning of Home Sweet Home a universal protest went up. I think, perhaps, if the band can only play a certain number of tunes, it would meet with general approval to have them start half an hour later and play until eleven. No other appointment is possible for Monday evening after the Skating Club, except the late supper, and many persons find it impossible to get to the Club before nine or half-past. Won't our secretary give us that extra half-hour? say a good many of us! On Monday evening some exquisitely graceful figure-skating was done by those finished skaters who are the delight of this smart circle. A shivering man who has suffered gives us women and our girl-sisters the following hint: "Remember you have warm jackets on, and we have only our under coats, and don't expect us to stand about and talk to you if you will neither skate nor go into the tea-room. Give us good-bye and let us go gracefully, for otherwise our death may be upon your heads."

Mrs. Eakins of 12 Madison avenue and Mrs. W. Hyslop of Sherbourne street will be two of next Wednesday's hostesses on the West and East Sides for afternoon tea.

A very pretty concert was given on Tuesday evening for the Sick Children's Hospital, at which those charming musicians, Mrs. Le Grand Reed and Miss Gurney, were received with great applause. Mr. Rundle and Herr Rudolf Ruth, who I am told was in unusually good form, were the other artists on the programme. A woman remarks on the fact that many men did not take the trouble to put on evening dress, which was a pity, for the concert was of exceeding smartness otherwise and very artistic. The Hospital was materially aided.

The Misses Thompson of Derwent Lodge left yesterday for Ottawa.

All Saints' church was again filled with interested listeners to Prof. Clark's third sermon on Sunday evening. I hear we are to have two more.

Mr. D. R. Wilkie, general manager of the Imperial Bank, paid a flying visit to Ottawa this week.

Along with some other prominent bankers, Mr. Walker, the general manager of the Bank of Commerce, visited Ottawa this week in connection with business of interest to the banking fraternity.

Col. and Mrs. Donville of New Brunswick were in town last week for a short visit. They were returning from a trip as far north-west as Skagway.

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## Social and Personal.

The officers of the Central Union W. C. T. U. entertained its members at an afternoon tea on Monday last. Tea was served by Mesdames Spence, Orr, Hilborn and Robertson. The floral decorations of the evening by Dunlop were very beautiful.

Mrs. J. R. Cotter and Miss Cotter have been staying with Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston of Spadina road.

St. Stephen's Y. P. A. have a most novel and amusing entertainment on hand for Valentine's night, February 14. The famous Peake Sisters, under the direction of Mrs. Clarke, will make their debut in Toronto. The equal of this family group does not exist in civilized America.

The new Parkdale curling rink will be opened to-night, and many invitations have been sent out for the event.

Mrs. McGurn and Mrs. Anger left on Friday for several weeks' visit with friends in New York.

Mrs. Dick's dance for young people, given at her lovely home in Spencer avenue, was one of Tuesday's most happy functions, about four score being present. Miss Evans received with the hostess, who wore black trimmed with pink. Miss Evans wore a dainty cream frock. Miss Perry, a charming Parkdale girl, played very well, and was assisted in turn by several guests. The Misses Lockie were very pretty and much admired, as were also Miss Tina McMicken and the Misses Jones. Miss Flo Bryan, one of the golfers who plays very well, Miss Pyke, the Misses Harris (Miss Dorothy all in white and looking lovely), the Misses Hutchinson, Miss Isabel Cartwright (who is visiting Miss Lockie) and the Misses Palin were bright and charming guests.

Mr. Arthur W. Ross returned on Wednesday from the East. On Thursday Mr. and Mrs. Ross received news of the death of Professor Pantou of Guelph, who was recently in Toronto to consult a specialist.

Mrs. Frank Mackelcan and Miss Dunlop of Hamilton were mirthful spectators of the antics of de Angelis on Tuesday evening at the Grand.

The management of the Art Loan Exhibition have decided to keep it open during Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of next week on account of scores of requests to that effect.

Several interesting publications have appeared recently in town of strong local interest and of considerable artistic merit, but the palm will universally be accorded to the Book of the Victorian Era Ball, not only because it commemorates the most important and grandest social function ever held in Toronto, but on account of the unique and excellent work which it contains. Over eighty drawings by the following artists are to form its contents, with a list of the various sets and an account of the ball: Messrs. G. A. Reid, R. C. A., president O.S.A.; A. Dickson Patterson, R.C.A.; E. Wylly Grier, R.C.A.; F. M. Bell-Smith, R.C.A.; McGillivray Knowles, A.R.C.A.; Edmund Morris, Mrs. Reid, A.R.C.A.; Miss Sydney Tully, A.R.C.A.; Mrs. Arthurs, Mrs. E. Elliott, Miss Hagarty, Miss Springer, Miss Sullivan, Miss Windenat and others. Professor Mavor has sole charge of its production, and having been favored with a look at some of the beautiful drawings to be contained in this coming publication, I can in all heartiness recommend those interested in Canadian Art, social life and prestige in general, to secure a copy before the edition, which, for the larger size, is limited to fifty, and for the smaller to five hundred and fifty, is exhausted. The Book of the Ball will ever be a souvenir of inspiring interest, and on the lines of Gibson's London a picture of Canadian society of the end of the century. A copy is to be sent to the Queen, another to the Prince of Wales, and as the production is by desire of the Countess of Aberdeen, it is scarcely necessary to add that the profits on the enterprise are to be devoted to the scheme so near Lady Aberdeen's heart, The Victorian Order of Nurses. The Countess is, I believe, to write an introductory article for the Book of the Ball.

Many enquiries have been made as to the nature of the public exercises in Association Hall in connection with the convention of the Alpha Delta Phi Fraternity to be held here next week. They consist of two or three short speeches by distinguished members of the society, and are always very interesting, not only to the members, but also to the public. To add variety, several selections of music are also on the programme. The speakers for the evening are Rev. Dr. Raymond, President of Union College, and Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie of *The Outlook*, and it is hoped that a large number of Toronto people will turn out to hear these distinguished lecturers, who are much sought after on the other side of the line. At the reception afterwards in the L.O.F. Temple Building the patronesses, Mrs. Mortimer Clark, Mrs. Falconbridge, Mrs. Hardy, Lady Meredith and Mrs. A. W. Ross, will receive the guests invited to that function. To avoid any misunderstanding in regard to the latter I have been asked to state that admission to it is only on presentation of the small cards which were issued for it.

Mrs. Mitchell gives a progressive euchre next Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Grantham gave a pretty luncheon on Tuesday in honor of Miss McKinnon.

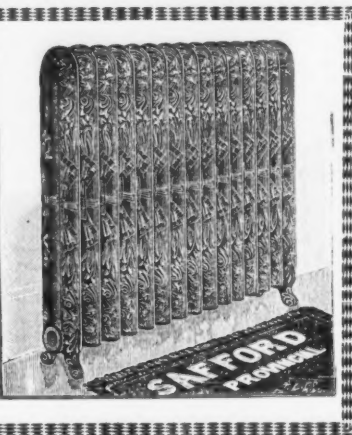
On Friday of last week Mr. and Mrs. Boulton of Iver House gave a dinner for Col. Eyde, who succeeds Mr. Bridgman Simpson in the Trust and Loan Company.

The drawing-rooms of Mr. and Mrs. May, 164 St. Patrick street, presented a most picturesque appearance on Friday evening of last week, when a fancy dress party was given in honor of the twentieth anniversary of the marriage of the host and hostess; some of the dresses worn were quaint and beautiful. Mr. May, as a gentleman of color, was the life of the party. Mrs. Hector Prenter looked charming in a lovely gown of light green silk, with hair powdered. Mr. Prenter in a court costume worn at the London Jubilee, was a striking figure; Mr. Weese, as a gentleman from the Klondike, and Mrs.

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Weese as a merry Irish girl; Mr. and Mrs. J. Murray Hamilton, gentleman and lady of 1800. Mrs. J. D. Parker was a very pretty impersonation of Holly. Mrs. Seth Robertson looked charming with powdered hair and dress of fifty years ago. Mrs. W. J. Hopwood as Auntie Doleful, from one of her favorite recitations, was the character of the evening. Mr. John Gouinlock made a very jolly curate. Numbers of others sustained their parts equally well. Progressive euchre occupied the first two hours. The prizes, a handsome walking-stick and beautiful work-box, will be greatly valued, being the handiwork of the host. Dancing was the after-supper amusement, and many congratulations were offered to host and hostess.

Mrs. Thompson of John street gave a luncheon yesterday.

A very smart dinner was given by Mr. and Mrs. Percival Ridout on Thursday evening of last week. Sir Oliver and Miss Mowat, Sir George and Miss Burton, Sir William and Lady Meredith, Mrs. Bain, Mr. and Mrs. Cockburn were among the distinguished guests.

Mrs. Beardmore gave a dinner at Chudleigh on Tuesday for her granddaughter, Miss Constance Beardmore of Cloyne wood.

Mr. and Miss Wilkie gave a couple of dinner parties last Wednesday and Thursday evenings.

The Ladies' Chamber Music Association will give their second evening this season on February 28, when the Spiering String Quartette of Chicago will be the attraction, assisted by Miss Grace Buck, soprano, also of Chicago.

Mrs. (Dr.) Sylvester of Isabella street left on Thursday to visit her sister in Montreal and will be absent for a month.

The special "Ladies' Night," held on Wednesday evening last at the Toronto Canoe Club,

was a decided success. The ladies seemed to appreciate the opportunity of again participating in another and entirely unexpected one of the very enjoyable and popular affairs of this nature given by the Club during its winter season, and turned out in large numbers for the occasion. The decorations used at the annual supper held recently were left up for the event, and many remarks indicative of high appreciation and admiration were expressed by the fair dancers of the Club's gala attire. Dancing was indulged in in the large club-room from 8 to 11:30. The next monthly hop will be held on the night of February 18 and will be, as usual, strictly informal and open to members and their lady friends only.

Miss Kitty Crouch, a charming Ottawa young lady, has been in town this week with the Russell-Fox-de Angelis Company.

Among the graduates of Grace Hospital, Detroit, who passed with honors, I notice the names of four of our Canadian girls: Miss Bessie Hamilton of Forest, Miss May Ridley of Toronto, Miss Anna Agnew of Kincardine, and Miss Jessie Muir of Port Dalhousie.

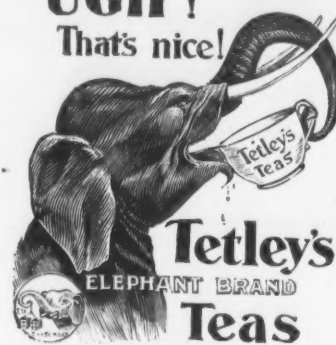
Dr. Beattie Nesbitt left Toronto this week for Baltimore, where he will continue his special laboratory work in Johns Hopkins University for two or three months. He was accompanied by Mrs. Nesbitt.

## A Tailor to Trust.

"I don't want a tailor to trust me but I want a tailor whom I can trust—a tailor whose say-stands for all that honest quality and honest workmanship means." This is the way the writer of this paragraph was addressed recently by a gentleman who had evidently "wasted his substance" among the low-priced—and correspondingly low-quality—tailors, and was suffering the disappointments consequent thereon. Gentlemen are learning every day at their own cost that there's no satisfac-

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**Births.**  
LEE—Jan. 25, Mrs. Fred W. Lee—a daughter.  
FERGUSON—Jan. 30, Mrs. John A. Ferguson—a daughter.  
WATSON—Jan. 27, Mrs. John T. Watson—a son.  
GOODERHAM—Jan. 28, Mrs. Albert E. Gooderham—a daughter.  
TRESS—Jan. 31, Mrs. F. Tress—a daughter.

**Marriages.**  
HARRIS—Jan. 4, John Harris to Edith Eleanor Martin.  
COLLINS—BARKER—Jan. 26, Charles H. Collins to Ada Rose Barker.  
HARSTON—MONTGOMERY—Feb. 2, William A. Harston to Minnie L. Montgomery.  
DRAY—REID—Jan. 25, Richard Dray to Isabella Reid.  
HODGE—TALLMAN—Feb. 1, S. A. Hodge to Eugenie Tallman.

**Deaths.**  
PAGE—Feb. 2, Ella K. Page.  
WILSON—Jan. 30, Sarah Caroline Wilson, aged 76.  
STUART—Hamilton, Feb. 1, Annie Miller Stuart, aged 68.  
FIELD—Cobourg, Feb. 2, Corelli Collard Field, ex-M.P.P.  
LENNOX—Feb. 2, Charles Parker Lennox, L.D.S., aged 63.  
CASSELL—Jan. 30, Esther Eugenie Cassels, aged 35.  
WHEATON—Jan. 28, Margaret Amelia Wheaton, aged 29.  
FINCH—Jan. 28, Charles S. Finch.  
McCALLUM—Lasky, Jan. 29, Archibald McCallum, aged 81.  
CAHILL—Jan. 28, Ellen Cahill.  
BIGHAM—Islington, Jan. 28, Andrew Bigham, aged 81.  
PORTEOUS—Jan. 28, Robert Alexander Porteous, aged 37.

tion or saving in the so-called popular prices—they are learning that it pays to pay the best tailor his best price for the best he can produce in a garment—and is good reason why so many to-day are placing clothing orders with drapers of so wide and favorable a reputation as Henry A. Taylor, the Rossin Block, the acknowledged "Worth" in men's garment-fashioning in Canada.

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## Spring Travel.

Those who desire to avail themselves of berths by the Atlantic Transport Line (New York and London service) will do well to arrange for their passage early, as the accommodation by this favorite line is being rapidly filled. The new steamer Minnewaska, 12,000 tons, makes her first trip from New York on February 5. Apply to R. M. Melville, General Canadian Agent, Toronto street, corner Adelaide, Toronto.

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